

THE LITERARY GAZETTE

AND
Journal of the Belles Lettres, Science, and Art.

Nº 1991.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1855.

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ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

NOTICE TO ARTISTS.—All Works of Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, or Engraving, intended for the ensuing EXHIBITION at the ROYAL ACADEMY, must be sent in on Monday, the 19th, or Tuesday, the 1st of April next, after which time no Work can possibly be received, nor can any Works be received which have already been publicly exhibited.

FRAMES.—All Pictures and Drawings must be in Gilt Frames. Oil Paintings under glass, and Drawings with wide margins are inadmissible. Excessive breadth in frames as well as projecting mouldings may prevent Pictures obtaining the situation they otherwise merit. The other Regulations necessary to be observed may be obtained at the Royal Academy.

JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Sec.

Every possible care will be taken of Works sent for exhibition, but the Royal Academy will not hold itself accountable in any case of injury or loss, nor can it undertake to pay the carriage of any package.

The prices of Works to be disposed of may be communicated to the Secretary.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT

INSTITUTION for the Relief of Deceased Artists, their Widows and Orphans, instituted 1814, incorporated 1819, under the immediate protection of HER MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY THE QUEEN. Patron—H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT, K.G. The Nobility, Patrons, and Subscribers are respectfully informed that the FORTIETH ANNUAL MEETING will be held in the Freemasons' Hall, on Saturday, the 9th instant. The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor in the Chair. Stewards—Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Muggersidge and Mr. Sheriff Croxley.

W. J. ROPEL, Assistant Secretary.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—The GALLERY for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS, is OPEN DAILY, from Ten till Five. Admission Is. Catalogue 6d. GEORGE KNIGHT, Secretary.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—In consequence of the General Fast appointed to be kept on March 21st, there will be no Meeting of the Society on that day. The next Meeting will be on April 4th.

THE PORTLAND GALLERY, 316, Regent Street. Opposite the Royal Polytechnic Institution. The Ninth Annual Exhibition of the NATIONAL INSTITUTION of FINE ARTS is NOW OPEN, from Nine till Six. Admission, One Shilling. Catalogue, Sixpence. BELL SMITH, Secretary.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.—The Exhibition WILL CLOSE, March 21. The Second Annual Exhibition of this Society is now Open, at the Rooms of the Society of Water-colour Painters, Pall Mall East, in the Morning from Ten to Five, and in the Evening from Seven to Ten. Admission, Morning Is., Evening 6d. Catalogue 6d.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, Trafalgar Square.—On Wednesday, the 14th instant, at a General Assembly of the Royal Academicians, EDWARD MATTHEW WARD, Esq., was elected an Academician, in the room of JOHN JAMES CHALON, Esq., deceased.

ART-UNION OF LONDON. (By Royal Charter.)—Prize-holders select for themselves from the public Exhibition. Every Subscriber of ONE GUINEA will have, beside the chance of a Prize, an Impression of a Plate of "A WATER PARTY," by J. T. WILSON, A.R.A., after J. Chalon, R.A., and a Quarto Volume of Thirty Illustrations of Byron's "Child Harold." The Prizes are ready for delivery, and the Volume may be seen at the office. Subscription closes 31st instant. GEORGE GODWIN, Honorary Secretary. LEWIS POOCK, Secretary.

441, West Strand, March 1, 1855.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—DISTRIBUTION OF BRITISH PLANTS, 1855.—Members are requested to send their Lists of Desiderata forthwith marked on the 4th Edition of the London Catalogue of British Plants, 20, Bedford Street, Strand. G. E. DENNES, Secretary. 1st March, 1855. J. T. SYME, Curator.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1855.

REVIEWS.

The Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington. By R. R. Madden, M.R.I.A. Newby.

FROM the title-page of this book we learn that Mr. Madden is the author of many works which it is our good fortune never to have seen. How blessed we were in our ignorance, the perusal of these volumes has made us deeply conscious. To borrow Sydney Smith's well-known fancy, Mr. Madden should have lived before the Deluge, when men counted their years by hundreds and not by tens. Methuselah might not have found him too tedious; but the veriest idler of the postdiluvian world must groan under the incubations of a bookmaker so remorseless.

Three huge volumes about Lady Blessington's literary life! As we looked upon the pile with a shudder of apprehension, we wondered what the most ingenious proser could find to say on such a subject. What had Lady Blessington done in literature to warrant such a record? A few flimsy novels, *Books of Beauty*, long since faded into dim oblivion, and some commonplace Conversations with Lord Byron, were the extent of her literary sins. For which of these was her name to be entombed in the monstrous cenotaph under which our table tottered? But, above all, what could mortal ingenuity devise to fill up so vast a space? A glance at the interior soon revealed the mystery. Her ladyship's literary life was very swiftly disposed of, simply because it offered very little to tell; but her biographer had used it as a peg on which to hang every imaginable kind of detail about her ancestors and kindred, her husbands and their ancestors and kindred, her sisters and their husbands and husbands' kindred; her acquaintances, political, literary, artistic, and scientific, with their birth, parentage, education, and history; the whole embedded in layers of tedious commentary of the editor's own, to an extent never perhaps before inflicted on a patient public. Into this imbroglia have been decanted the rappings of her ladyship's correspondence. Without regard to date or method, letters of no imaginable interest from all sorts of great and little people, have been huddled together without explanation, where explanation might have been of use, and with loads of commentary where none was required. That anybody ever visited or wrote a note to Lady Blessington is enough for Mr. Madden. Straightway he hashes up all the stale gossip of society about them, or, failing that, entertains us with his own opinions upon them, their gifts and doings. The sweepings of his own commonplace-book are called in aid to swell the growing bulk, and, to our infinite amazement, he even pays us the compliment of long extracts from forgotten reviews in our own pages. In this way is it that Mr. Madden, a veteran in literature, and, doubtless, a well-read man (although whether well educated, some strange specimens of ignorance in these volumes make us gravely doubt), thinks that the literary life of one of the weakest of our female authors should be written. In the interests of literature and common sense we protest against such an abuse of the privileges of biographical button-holding.

Mr. Madden in one page professes to confine himself to the literary life of the fair

Countess; in the next, we find ourselves in the midst of the pedigree of the Sheehys, from which distinguished Milesian family her ladyship descended by the mother's side. In another place he avows his determination not to bore his readers with the epistolary small-talk of Lady Blessington's ordinary correspondence, yet are two volumes of upwards of five hundred pages each filled with little else. He proclaims his horror of literary gossip, yet never did old woman prate more garrulously than himself about the infinite nothings of the small fry of the press. Brevity in book-making receives his strongest encomium, and he even backs his opinion by the passage from Sydney Smith to which we have already referred; but who ever sinned more grievously in the opposite direction? So much for consistency. So much for the application of the principles he himself enunciates!

It has been truly said that the life of any man or woman, simply and truthfully written, will not be without interest or profit. From our own lives, unhappily, we learn little, and that little generally too late. But when that of another is passed in review before us, we can see clearly the sources of its weakness and its strength, and the operation of those eternal laws which govern the success or the happiness of human beings. But it does not seem to us that there was anything so particular in the career of Lady Blessington as to merit an elaborate biography. From first to last it was a life of excitement and what the world calls pleasure, to which beauty, wit, and, for a considerable period, wealth, contributed to give brilliancy and zest. Few women of her day were so much admired and courted. Men of rank and genius alike paid homage to her attractions. Her days were whirled along in a giddy vortex of fashionable pursuits and fashionable pleasures. She lived in the world and for the world, and experienced the common fate of all who do so—weariness, ennui, unrest, and disappointment. Unhappily, there were circumstances in her life which are best left untold. They excluded her from the society of ladies of her own rank. They brought around her men whose homage was not a thing to vaunt. A life without earnestness, or purpose, without the elevation of religious convictions, or the feeling of its solemn duties, and its relations to the future which lies beyond, affords little that is pleasing to contemplate, or that a friend, which Mr. Madden professes himself to be, would care to drag before the public eye.

The incidents of the life of Marguerite Power, for such was Lady Blessington's maiden name, may be told in a few sentences. She was one of three sisters, who all rose to the ranks of the nobility from the hearth of a worthless Tipperary squire of low degree, one sister having become Lady Canterbury, and the other the Countess of Marsault. In her youth, Lady Blessington, the most gifted of the family in mind, was the least attractive in person, although in later years her charms ripened into a superior order of beauty. Born in 1790, she was forced, before she was fifteen, by her parents, who consulted only their own necessities and untempered wills, to marry a Captain Farmer. The detestation which she felt for the man who accepted her hand under such circumstances produced its inevitable results, and these the ferocity of his temper in no way tended to avert. Misery, reproach, ill-usage, ended in separa-

tion. The husband went to India; the wife returned to the home of her parents, which their unkind treatment made anything but an asylum. She appears not to have remained there long; and after an interval of years, which Mr. Madden does not account for, she emerges upon the stage of London life, giving agreeable dinner-parties in a house in Manchester-square. There, in 1816, she made the acquaintance of Lord Mountjoy, then a widower, and who married her two years afterwards, within four months after she was liberated by the death of her husband, Captain Farmer, in a drunken brawl. She was then twenty-eight, and we give the portrait which her biographer has sketched of her as she then appeared:—

"In the perfection of matured beauty, her form was exquisitely moulded, inclining to fullness, but no finer proportions could be imagined; her movements graceful and natural at all times, in her merriest as well as gravest moods. The peculiar character of her beauty consisted in the correspondence of every feature with the emotion of her mind. The instant a joyous thought took possession of her fancy, you read it in her sparkling eyes, her laughing lips; you heard it in her ringing laugh, clear and sweet as childhood's merriest tones."

Add to this a warm heart, intelligence more than average, and a low, clear, silver-toned voice, and you have a picture of feminine attractiveness, such as might well draw round it a throng of worshippers, in the brilliant station to which *la belle Marguerite* was raised by the rank and wealth of one whom she calls "the most gallant of husbands." At once her drawing-room in London became the resort of all the men most eminent in politics, in art, in literature, and in science. She had a gracious smile and a kind word for all, and chiefly for those to whom they were most precious, because the most rare. The same circle of talent and distinction surrounded her during a stay of some years which the Blessingtons made at Naples. Whilst Lord Blessington lived, her life seems to have been so guarded from discomfort, that her worst annoyances must have been but "the crumpling of the roses." His sudden death in 1829, however, produced a wide difference in her position. The income of upwards of 25,000*l.* a year, which had hitherto sustained a life luxurious to the pitch of extravagance, was reduced to a jointure of 2000*l.* a year—a sum totally inadequate to the demands of a London life, in the very heart of its most expensive pleasures, and with a house which formed the resort of all clever and agreeable people who chose to frequent it. To eke out this income, and prompted, no doubt, by a literary ambition, fostered by the injudicious praise of those who in the indifferent authoress could not forget the fascinating woman, Lady Blessington began to work for the press. Her 'Conversations with Lord Byron,' with whom the Blessingtons had lived on terms of intimacy for some months at Genoa, had one of those sudden and extensive successes, which are due more to a transitory curiosity about the subject than to any inherent value in the treatment. This was followed by numerous novels, which have long since gone through the trunkmaker's hands; and when the mania for Annuals was at its height, Lady Blessington turned it to profitable account by editing those *Books of Beauty*, whose faded charms still loiter in drawingroom cabinets, or in corners of boudoirs. In writing and editing these works consisted her ladyship's literary life; and the reader may be pardoned for not push-

ing his inquiries farther in this direction. In such literature as this there can be little satisfaction to the writer, perhaps less than to the reader. It is taskwork of the dullest kind, made more irksome by the consciousness that it all comes to nothing, and by the little artifices of flattery which must be practised to elicit the contributions of people whose names will look well in an advertisement. Of this sort of work poor Lady Blessington seems to have had more than her share.

Hardly as the money was earned by the labours of her desk, Lady Blessington did not learn prudence in her expenditure. She must still receive company, have her opera box, dress in the most expensive style. To supply such channels of wastefulness, the 2000*l.* a-year, which she is said to have made for several years by her writings, was utterly insufficient. Bills accumulated, duns became more importunate, and finally the harpies of the tribe of Levi settled upon the amber damask *fauteuils* of Gore House. In other words, an execution was put in; its mistress retired to Paris, and all the objects of art and taste which had made her mansion famous were scattered under the auctioneer's hammer. This occurred in May, 1849, and before the close of another month Lady Blessington herself was no more. Death found her at the age of sixty, full of energy and intellectual activity, planning fresh literary ventures and new schemes of life, and apparently without one serious thought of the dark 'beyond' into which she was so soon to be hurried. Such was, and so died, Marguerite, Countess of Blessington.

"Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all."

Amidst the chaos of epistolary rubbish, into which Mr. Madden plunges his readers, we here and there alight upon a few gems, of no great value indeed, but not without their sparkle. Thus we find Bulwer recording his first impressions of Naples in the following strain:—

"Hotel Vittoria, Naples, November 26th.

"Behold me then at Naples, beautiful, enchanting, delicious Naples, the only city in all Italy (except old Verona, whose gable ends and motley architecture, and hanging balconies, still speak of Shakspeare and of Romeo) which is quite to my heart. I freeze in the desolate dullness of Rome, with its prosing antiquaries and insolent slaves. In Venice I fancy myself on board a ship, viz. 'in a prison, with the chance of being drowned.' In Florence I recognise a bad Cheltenham. In Naples, I for the first time find my dreams of Italy. Your magic extends even here, and the place to which you have given me letters of introduction, seems to catch a charm from your beauty, and an endearment from your kindness. What a climate, and what a sea; the humour and gaiety of the people delight me. I should be in paradise if it were not for the mosquitoes. But these, in truth, are terrible tormentors; they even seem to accustom themselves to me, and behave with the polite indifference of satiety; they devour me piecemeal; they are worse than a bad conscience, and never let me sleep at nights. I am told, for my comfort, that when the cold weather comes they will vanish, and leave me alternating between the desire to enjoy the day, and the hope to rest at night."

Contrast this with Dickens's impressions of the same place:—

"Genoa, May 9, 1845.

"You know where I have been, and every mile of ground I have travelled over, and every object I have seen. It is next to impossible, surely, to exaggerate the interest of Rome: though, I think, it is very possible to find the main source of interest in the wrong things. Naples disappointed me greatly. The weather was bad during a great

part of my stay there. But if I had not had mud I should have had dust, and though I had had sun, I must still have had the Lazzaroni. And they are so ragged, so dirty, so abject, so full of degradation, so sunken and steeped in the hopelessness of better things, that they would make Heaven uncomfortable, if they could ever get there. I didn't expect to see a handsome city, but I expected something better than that long dull line of squalid houses, which stretches from the Chiaja to the quarter of the Porta Capuana; and while I was quite prepared for a miserable populace, I had some dim belief that there were bright rags among them, and dancing legs, and shining sun-browned faces. Whereas the honest truth is, that connected with Naples itself, I have not one solitary recollection. The country round it charmed me, I need not say. Who can forget Herculaneum and Pompeii?

"As to Vesuvius, it burns away in my thoughts, beside the roaring waters of Niagara; and not a splash of the water extinguishes a spark of the fire; but there they go on, tumbling and flaming night and day; each in its fullest glory."

Then again see how Bulwer speaks of Naples, when he revisits it after a few years, 'a sadder and a wiser man.'—

"With much misgiving, I committed myself to the abhorred powers of steam at Genoa, and ultimately re-found about two-thirds of my dilapidated self at Naples. There, indeed, the air was soft, and the sky blue; and the luxurious sea slept calmly as ever round those enchanting shores, and in the arms of the wondrous bay. But the old charms of novelty are gone. The climate, though enjoyable, I found most trying, changing every two hours, and utterly unsafe for the early walks of a water-patient, or the moonlight rambles of a romantic traveller. The society ruined by the English and a bad set. The utter absence of intellectual occupation gave me the spleen, so I fled from the balls, and the treacherous smiles of the climate, and travelled by slow stages to Rome, with some longings to stay at Mola, which were counteracted by the desire to read the newspapers, and learn Peel's programme for destroying his friends the farmers. The only interesting person, by the way, I met with at Naples, was the Count of Syracuse, the King's brother; for he is born with the curse of ability, (though few discover, and fewer still acknowledge it), and has been unfortunate enough to cultivate his mind, in a country and in a rank where mind has no career. Thus he is in reality afflicted with the ennui which fools never know, and clever men only dispel by active exertions. And it was melancholy to see one with the accomplishments of a scholar, and the views of a statesman, fluttering away his life amongst idle pursuits, and seeking to amuse himself by billiards and *lansquenets*. He has more charming manners than I ever met in a royal person, except Charles the Tenth, with a dignity that only evinces itself by sweetness. He reminded me of Schiller's Prince, in the 'Ghost Seer.'"

The letters of Dickens are very pleasant to read, and full of character. We must find room for one of them:—

"Milan, Wednesday, November 20th, 1844.

"Appearances are against me. Don't believe them. I have written you, in intention, fifty letters, and I can claim no credit for any one of them (though they were the best letters you ever read), for they all originated in my desire to live in your memory and regard.

"Since I heard from Count D'Orsay, I have been beset in I don't know how many ways. First of all, I went to Marseilles, and came back to Genoa. Then I moved to the Peschiere. Then some people, who had been present at the scientific Congress here, made a sudden inroad on that establishment, and over-ran it. Then they went away, and I shut myself up for one month, close and tight, over my little Christmas book, 'The Chimes.' All my affections and passions got twined and knotted up in it, and I became as haggard as a murderer, long before I

wrote 'The end.' When I had done that, like 'The man of Thessaly,' who having scratched his eyes out in a quickset hedge, plunged into a brambly-bush to scratch them in again, I fled to Venice, to recover the composure I had disturbed. From thence I went to Verona and to Mantua. And now I am here—just come up from underground, and earthy all over, from seeing that extraordinary tomb in which the Dead Saint lies in an alabaster case, with sparkling jewels all about him to mock his dusty eyes, not to mention the twenty franc pieces which devout votaries were ringing down upon a sort of skylight in the cathedral pavement above, as if it were the counter of his Heavenly shop.

"You know Verona? You know everything in Italy / know. I am not learned in geography, and it was a great blow to me to find that Romeo was only banished five-and-twenty miles. It was a greater blow to me to see the old house of the Capulets, with some genealogical memorials, still carved in stone, over the gateway of the courtyard. It is a most miserable little inn, at this time ankle-deep in dirt; and noisy Vetturini and muddy market carts were disputing possession of the yard with a brood of geese, all splashed and bespattered as if they had their yesterday's white trousers on. There was nothing to connect it with the beautiful story, but a very unsentimental middle-aged lady (the Padrona, I suppose), in the doorway, who resembled old Capulet in the one particular, of being very great indeed in the family way.

"The Roman amphitheatre there, delighted me beyond expression. I never saw anything so full of solemn ancient interest. There are the four-and-forty rows of seats, as fresh and perfect as if their occupants had vacated them but yesterday—the entrances, passages, dens, rooms, corridors; the numbers over some of the arches. An equestrian troop had been there some days before, and had scooped out a little ring at one end of the arena, and had their performances in that spot. I should like to have seen it, of all things, for its very dreariness. Fancy a handful of people sprinkled over one corner of the great place; (the whole population of Verona wouldn't fill it now); and a spangled cavalier bowing to the echoes, and the grass-grown walls! I climbed to the topmost seat, and looked away at the beautiful view for some minutes; when I turned round, and looked down into the theatre again, it had exactly the appearance of an immense straw hat, to which the helmet in the Castle of Otranto was a baby: the rows of seats representing the different plait of straw, and the arena the inside of the crown.

"I had great expectations of Venice, but they fell immeasurably short of the wonderful reality. The short time I passed there, went by me in a dream. I hardly think it possible to exaggerate its beauties, its sources of interest, its uncommon novelty and freshness. A thousand and one realizations of the thousand and one nights, could scarcely captivate and enchant me more than Venice.

"Your old house at Albaro—Il Paradiso—is spoken of as yours to this day. What a gallant place it is! I don't know the present inmate, but I hear that he bought and furnished it not long since, with great splendour, in the French style, and that he wishes to sell it. I wish I were rich and could buy it. There is a third-rate wine shop below Byron's house; and the place looks dull, and miserable, and ruinous enough.

"Old — is a trifle uglier than when I first arrived. He has periodical parties, at which there are a great many flower-pots and a few ices—no other refreshments. He goes about, constantly charged with extemporaneous poetry; and is always ready, like tavern-dinners, on the shortest notice and the most reasonable terms. He keeps a gigantic harp in his bed-room, together with pen, ink, and paper, for fixing his ideas as they flow—a kind of profane King David, but truly good-natured and very harmless.

"Pray say to Count D'Orsay everything that is cordial and loving from me. The travelling purse

he gave me has been of immense service. It has been constantly opened. All Italy seems to yearn to put its hand in it. I think of hanging it, when I come back to England, on a nail as a trophy, and of gashing the brim like the blade of an old sword, and saying to my son and heir, as they do upon the stage: 'You see this notch, boy! Five hundred francs were laid low on that day, for post horses. Where this gap is, a waiter charged your father treble the correct amount—and got it. This end, worn into teeth like the rasped edge of an old file, is sacred to the Custom Houses, boy, the passports, and the shabby soldiers at town-gates, who put an open hand and a dirty coat-cuff into the coach windows of all Forestieri. Take it, boy. Thy father has nothing else to give!'

"My desk is cooling itself in a mail coach, somewhere down at the back of the cathedral, and the pens and ink in this house are so detestable, that I have no hope of your ever getting to this portion of my letter. But I have the less misery in this state of mind, from knowing that it has nothing in it to repay you for the trouble of perusal."

"CHARLES DICKENS."

We wish we could say there were many letters to be found in these volumes as agreeable as this. But unhappily fifty pages might contain all that is worth preserving. What the size of the volumes is, we have already said.

The Modern Orlando: a Poem. By the Rev. George Croly, LL.D. 2nd Edition. Hurst and Blackett.

En adsum qui feci. Dr. Croly now openly avows himself the author of a poem which made not a little stir on its first appearance. To increase the chance of retaining his incognito, he then amused himself by dividing the parentage of the poem among the literary celebrities of the day. The verses in which this was done are worth transcribing, from their reminiscences of a generation which is rapidly fading away, though some of the names still form links with living literature:

"Who am I?—Do I wear a pilgrim's scallop,
Albanian kilt, or knightly mail and casque?
Guess me, (thy torment Jonathan!) the Tr—ll—pe;
Or stately Lady Emma—I—me, *en seigneur*;
Or, (if the world should further deign to ask),
Make me a wit, and call me Bl—s—ngt—n,
(Taking our wicked Tory times to task);
Or Lady L—nd—nd—rry—So think on!
Then shines my lucky star, my laurels all are won."

"Am I Bavaria's Monarch?—Czar?—Czarina?
Or Louis Philippe?—(all your Kings now write)—
Or Lady M—rg—n, with a new Giorvina?
(The lonely star of Ireland's stormy night).
Sm—th? M—re? or Br—gh—n, still flashing left
and right;

"Or *Aïde-de-camp*, upon the Prince's Staff!
('Visions of glory! spare my aching sight!')
Or, man of mirth and mitre, old Li—nd—ff?
I leave the wondering world its secret, and my laugh."

"Or, if you think I'm lively Lady C—rl—tte—
The world will like my 'Anecdotes' the better;
Read by all 'gentlemen' from black to scarlet;
Or, Mrs. A—st—n, charming in black letter;
Or gentle M—yn—rd—I'm the more your debtor.
Or, think me Mrs. N—rt—n, the tenth Muse,
Binding all bosoms in her golden fetter!
(One whisper more—now, make me what you chuse)—
(I'm ANXIOUS—my cloud waits—so, take my last adieu!"

In a new preface Dr. Croly has some good remarks on the great Italian poets, declaring his own enthusiastic admiration of Ariosto, "the greatest poet of Italy in its greatest day." He agrees in this with Gibbon, who speaks of "the boundless variety of the incomparable Ariosto."

"I contend with no man, or woman, on this subject, or, perhaps, on any other; I leave the stern subtilities of Dante to those who can understand (which no Italian now can) a language, as obsolete, cramped, and obscure, as a cenotaph of hieroglyphics. I leave the intolerable love-making of Petrarch to those who can find the language of passion in the elaborate artifices of sonneteering;

I equally leave the heavy embroidery of Tasso to those who can feel raptures in a procession of cardinals, or the pomp of a melodrama; but for the music of language, variety of conception, and delicious fancy, I turn instinctively to the great master of the Cinquecentisti.

"I here allude to him only as a poet. His morality is that of Italy, in all the past, and as it will be in all the future, until men cease to deposit their consciences in the hands of confessors. The truest champion of his fame would be an 'Edizione Castigata.'

"Those familiar with Italian literature know the distinction of the three great classes—the Trecentisti, the Cinquecentisti, and the Scientisti. The first the age of Dante, the second the age of Ariosto (whom the Italians still call 'Divino'), the prince of the Augustan age of modern Italy; and the third, an age when the governments lost the vigour, extravagance, and genius of their republics. The literature began to degenerate with the liberty, and they thenceforth became purists, jurists, economists, and slaves."

For the sake of those whose acquaintance with literature has begun since Dr. Croly's poem was written, we quote two episodes, amusing in themselves, and exhibiting the characteristic style of a work well worthy of its present reproduction in a separate volume. The first is the story of an incident that is said to have taken place during the occupation of Paris by the allied armies after Waterloo:—

"One morn, the honest, homely King of Prussia
Called on the Emperor Francis, for a stroll;
And dropping in upon their brother, Russia,
Found him at Vêry's, at his chop and roll;
And having settled all, from Line to Pole—
Proposed to spend one half hour at their ease:
So, slipping Chiefs of Staff, and Grooms of Stole,
And tempted by the summer sky and breeze,
They sauntered, arm in arm, to see the Tuileries."

"They found the Louvre open, and walked in,—
Unknown; three quiet, plain, blackcoated men!
All there, as usual, bustle, crowd, and din!
A tide of peasant, soldier, citizen!—
To force the passage, was no trifle, then,
For, all before them was the world's 'tenth' Wonder!
(Long since all buried in its monkish den.)
The world had never seen such brilliant plunder;
I think to strip it was a more than gothic blunder!"

"What, if Napoleon robbed some craven throne;
The sinner first had sold himself to shame;—
(I should have mulcted him of flesh and bone!)
Now, all is gone to darkness, whence it came;
To cowl, and cobweb, I—Well, the world's to blame!
I only wish, that I could give ye wings,
Or sweep ye on some whirlwind car of flame,
Back to my gaze again, ye glorious things!
Now, I must hunt ye out, 'mid monks, and monkish
kings!"

"(Not that I mean to break through my decision,
Neer to talk of picture-galleries.)
But, then the Louvre was no earthly vision;—
Such lovely nuns! you almost heard their sighs;
Such pontiffs (all the Popedom in their eyes);
Such monks! with heavenward looks (which monks had
never!)
Such nymphs! as glowing as their own Greek skies;
Such chieftains! made to ride and rule for ever;
One scarcely drew one's breath—'twas all gasp, flush,
and fever!"

"And then, what alabasters, bronzes, marbles!—
All bursting on you, in one gorgeous glare.
(Pencil or pen the wretched but garbled)
The eye and mind were all one dazzled stare.
Or, as you rushed, half fainting, to fresh air;
Just then, some face, of such deep loveliness,
Beamed from its canvas, that it fixed you there!
Some 'Dama,' with bright eyes and jet-black tress,
Jewelled, and grand!—I love that old Venetian dress!"

"Then, the Apollo!—splendid!—which the Pope
Offered to give us.—My beloved Allies,
I should have wished you all (in Heaven, I hope!)
Ere I refused, like Castlereagh, the prize.
(Alas! the wisest are not always wise)
I should have taken him, with all my soul!
The Venus, too, found favour in my eyes;
Dimples and all!—I loved her, every mole!
Dianas, Graces, Nymphs!—I should have grasped the
whole!"

"As rambléd the three Sovereigns up and down,
They met a rather puzzled English squire,
Who, thinking them three tradesmen of the town,
Asked them all questions, to his heart's desire:—

'Who painted this gay dame, or that old friar?'
At last, when fairly tired of picture-frames,
He said, 'I've now but one thing to enquire;
You have been civil, give me your three names:
I'll send you each some trout, when next I fish the
Thames.'

"You speak," said one, "to Frederic, King of Prussia;
Now, keep your secret, stranger, and retire."
'I,' said the next, "am—but the Czar of Russia."
'Better, and better still!' laughed out the squire.
'Friend,' said the third, 'I own, I'm nothing higher
Than Austria's Emperor!—'The moon's at full!'
Their hearer roared; 'Tut not be in the mire!—
I'm better than your best!—I'm no John Bull!
Good morning, lads! Ha! ha! I am the Great Mogul!"

The following circumstance is said to have actually occurred in a club near St. James's. "To heighten the burlesque," adds Dr. Croly, in a note, "Canning was at that time in the full glow of public life, and perhaps the best known of any man in London:—"

"THE CLUB."

"I own (in confidence), I like the Clubs—
'Only for bachelors,' exclaim the fair—
I say, 'for matrimony and its rubs.'
You take your cab, and reach St. James's Square;
Find all your old Allies assembled there;
French mirrors, Grecian lamps around you shine;
You hear the gossip, choose a fireside chair—
Order your cutlet, friend, and favourite wine:
(Acknowledged, that all Clubs are not *bon ton*, like
mine.)

"In London, we have men, who live like moles;
(Thinking themselves earth's sages, all the while);
Knowing as much of life, as of the poles.
With the West-end all round them, mile on mile;
Their very years are reckoned by 'Old Style';
To them, the world has slumbered, since Queen Anne;
Walpole is still the 'Saviour of the Isle';
Women are hideous, without hoop and fan;
Powder, stiff-skirts, rappee, and bagwigs 'make the
man'!"

"A set of those (no matter where) one night
Were seated, prozing, at their monthly dinner;
A stranger took his seat; (unknown by sight.
The owls all stared, and wished their club were
thinner.)

He broke the ice; talked out, of saint and sinner;
Chatted all sorts of pleasant, passing things,—
The Levee, Opera, the Newmarket winner;
Told tales, as light as flies (and some with stings);
Gay Windsor *silhouettes* of beauties, Peers and Kings!"

"All were delighted—all was a new world,
As followed *not on not*, and hit on hit!
No grumbler, for that night, his nostrils curled;
None quoted 'Garriek's pun,' or 'Wilkes's wit.'
None bored on *Mister Fox*, or *Mister Pitt*;
None 'brought up' *Eton tricks*, or *Porson's* 'scanning.'
At last, they saw the brilliant stranger flit:
All asked—'Who thus their skulls had been trepanning?'
The waiter was called in—the *Stranger* was *GEORGE
CANNING*!"

One cannot but regret that Dr. Croly has not carried out his original purpose of prolonging the poem, to a ramble in other cities and scenes of modern travel. Fragmentary as it now is, it is by far the best thing of the kind that has been written since Byron.

Gwen; or, The Cousins. By A. M. Goodrich, author of 'Claudia.' John W. Parker and Son.

The Step-Son: A Domestic Romance of the Present Day. By F. N. Dyer, Esq. Bentley.

The Warden. By Anthony Trollope. Longman and Co.

WE bring these books together before our readers, as they have the character in common of being truthful pictures of English life of the present day, though in different social spheres. In the story of 'The Cousins' the interest chiefly lies in the strongly contrasted tempers and careers of Gwen and Geraldine, the one calm, gentle, and thoughtful, the other impetuous, wayward, and wilful. From the following passage the reader will see the style of the two characters, and guess something of the drift of the story:—

"Of Geraldine, Gwen could not communicate much, for she had never written to her since she left Lascelles; what causes there were for this silence, were hidden from Gwen's eyes."

"I heard of her the other day, at Brighton," said Dora. "A friend of mind spoke of her beauty, and said she looked 'very interesting, poor thing.' That seemed a strange way of describing such a triumphant-looking creature, and I expressed my surprise. The answer was that she appeared very unhappy and ill. What can this mean?"

"I cannot tell," replied Gwen. "I did not know that they were at Brighton till this morning."

"After Dora was gone, Gwen thought often of Geraldine, ill and unhappy. She did not venture to write as if in consequence of this report, either to Catherine or to her cousin, yet to the latter she despatched a short cordial letter, inviting, not exacting, a reply, and none came. About a week later, Gwen had a note from Dora:

"Come to me in the course of the morning, if you can. I want to talk to you on a subject on which I do not like to write. It concerns Geraldine."

"Gwen complied with this request as early as possible, and on reaching Mr. Biddulph's house, was taken at once up to Dora's room. Dora received her with agitation, and cried: 'Oh, Gwen! you have not heard any report,—but I am afraid it is all true. I cannot help crying; it seems so dreadful.' And she burst into tears.

"Good heavens! What has happened? Poor Mrs. Faulkner! Is her child ill?—dead?"

"Gwen's tone of alarm and horror recalled Dora to herself:

"No, not that; but, Gwen, I really believe she has left her!"

"Left her? left her mother? how!"

"Why, last night at a party, we heard some one speaking of Lady Rivers—Mr. Faulkner's sister, is she not?—pitying her, because she is so rigid, and has daughters of her own; and they said how shocking it must be for her for Miss Eustace to have run away from her house, and with a foreigner, too—a person quite beneath her!"

"Gwen turned as pale as death:

"This can't be; this is not true. And he is not beneath her or any one. He is of high birth and rank. He is everything that—" She stopped short.

"Ah! it must be true," said Dora, "and you seem to know who it is."

"I know whom they mean, but I will not believe it. She did not care for her mother, and her mother idolized her. She was very much afraid of Mr. Faulkner, I think. Catherine—it never could have happened, and Catherine there. If there be any truth in it, it must have been Lady Rivers' fault."

"How could that be?"

"Why, she always wanted to rule over Geraldine in a way she was not likely to endure. But I must go home. I must try to get at the facts. I will write to Catherine."

"The two girls parted, with their hearts full of real concern for the unhappy Geraldine."

At the close of the tale Geraldine is brought back to her friends and to quiet English life, while Gwen goes to join a brother in India. We must not omit to say that the story is what is called 'very proper' in its tone, as may be seen from the honourable mention of Ken and of Keble, with the Bible and Prayer-book:—

"By this time Gwen had arrived at her chief treasures. There was her Bible and Prayer-book, in plain, good binding—her father's gift; and Ken's 'Manual of Devotion for the Use of the Winchester Scholars,' exactly the same as Hugh's—her mother gave them each one. These must always be by her bedside. Then there was Hugh's last present—a good print of Winchester Cathedral, in a neat frame; that must hang on the wall just opposite her bed. She would then see it the first thing in the morning, and it would bring with it the thoughts of the early service she had always gone to there—salutary, sustaining thoughts, though reminding her of present privation. She would say Ken's 'Hymns' as she looked at it, and the memory of sweet music would float around

her. While planning thus, she thought of the morning and evening hymns in a new book—her mother's last gift—which she had been reading during the day. 'I am sure I shall be very fond of it, but it is quite a new book as yet.' It was the first edition of 'The Christian Year.' 'There is a nice shelf there for my books. I must just place two or three of them on it; it will give the room such a home look; and then I will go to bed.'

Mr. Dyer's book is of a more exciting kind, but having a similarity to the last, in so far as foreigners are the cause of bringing disturbance and misery into English domestic life. In this story there are some extraordinary incidents produced, as may be supposed when a wicked woman and a crafty priest are in combination to work out a plot. By their machinations a husband is made to suspect the fidelity of his wife, and a scene takes place of which this is the commencement:—

"Mrs. Bodemal was in the children's room, and with an expression of some anxiety on her face was sitting by the cot of the youngest. She rose as soon as she heard her husband's step, and went to meet him at the door.

"O George," she said, not noticing the disorder of his looks, "I am so glad you have come: dear little baby has been very sick; he is sleeping now, but I want you to look at him before I send for Dr. Hill."

"What, madam," exclaimed Mr. Bodemal, revolted at what he considered her hypocritical affectation of maternal tenderness, "Dare you feign an interest in the children you disgrace to the husband you betray?"

"George, George! what in heaven's name is the meaning of this?"

"You are known, madam," retorted Mr. Bodemal, bitterly, "and your pretence of virtuous astonishment is thrown away upon me. I am no longer your dupe. Yes, madam, I tell you, you are known, and can you still meet my look, and hold yourself erect? Stoop, for very shame, and do not seek to brave me!"

"What demon possesses you, that you insult me thus?" cried Ellen.

"Do you hear her, Bernardi?" exclaimed Mr. Bodemal. "Down on your knees, woman, and let your body take the abject attitude of your soul. Confess your infamy, that pity, mere contemptuous pity, somewhat mitigate my righteous anger."

"George, you are mad! You would not else commit this outrage on me, and violate all decency and reason, such as a drunken groom respects towards the mother of his children."

"False as I know you to be, your audacity passes comprehension; but be warned, and while there is yet time, seek the compassion you so much need, lest its last embers expire in my breast, and I drive you publicly from my home, a blot upon society, a stain on womanhood, a breathing, living sin, from whom the beggar will shrink in the streets with abhorrence."

"And who dares charge me with an act or thought unfit for publication to the entire world?"

"I do," said Bernardi, sternly and pitilessly.

"And I," cried Giannina, vindictively.

"Your looks betray some subtle conspiracy to ruin me, for some base purpose of your own."

"Peace, unhappy woman," thundered Mr. Bodemal. "Your unexampled audacity will not avail; the mask is torn from your face; your adulterous love is stripped of its veil!"

"Adulterous, sir, adulterous!" exclaimed Ellen, unutterably shocked; "beware, beware! So foul a wrong will be avenged, for God will hurl it back upon your head, instinct with his Almighty wrath!"

"Forbear," answered Bernardi; "is it not enough to trample on his heart, to destroy his peace, and dash to the ground his dearest hopes, that you should call for curses on the head of the man you have betrayed?"

"What is it you charge me with?" demanded Mrs. Bodemal.

"With your intrigue with Captain Hatherley; with your meditated elopement with that profligate man."

"This from you, Mr. Bernardi, who know the circumstance of my having met that unfortunate gentleman at Mrs. Forester's! From you, by whose advice I was silent, sorely against my will. It is infamous."

"Have you not seen him daily? Have you not furnished him with money for your flight? Do you not wear his portrait on your breast?"

To have secretly substituted a miniature of Captain Hatherley for that of her father, was part of the diabolical plot, a further act of which consisted in the attempt to get the unhappy husband removed to a private lunatic asylum. We leave the priest beginning to persuade the son to this scheme:—

"It is my conviction that a temporary removal from the scene of his sorrows will be highly beneficial."

"To a madhouse! Never; I will not, bad as I am, sink so low as to commit so base an action. Good God! how can you propose it to me?"

"You take a high tone, Ferdinand Bodemal; but, let me remind you that you have been an active party to your step-mother's repudiation, and that, too, for the sake of lucre. I do not wonder at your remorse, for your actions were undignified by a pure and holy motive, such as encouraged Giannina and myself in our most painful task; and which, if necessary to his complete emancipation from the pernicious influence of his heretical wife—should he ever attempt to bridge the gulf we have placed between them—will justify the step I recommend."

In the story of 'The Warden,' a slightly disguised fiction presents many facts that have recently been made public regarding the alienation of old ecclesiastical endowments, and the turning of the funds of almshouses and 'hospitals' to other uses than the maintenance of the poor. Some of the characters are ably delineated by Mr. Trollope, especially that of the conscientious warden, who resigns and is thought a fool for his pains by his father-in-law the archdeacon, and also by the bishop. Many of the incidental episodes are cleverly introduced, and are brought to bear well on the purpose of the tale. Here is an imitation of Carlyle's 'Past and Present':—

"Look at this," said Towers, getting up and turning over the pages of the pamphlet, and pointing to a passage near the end; "your friend the warden, who is so little selfish, won't like that, I fear." Bold read as follows:—

"Heavens, what a sight! Let us with eyes wide open see the godly man of four centuries since, the man of the dark ages: let us see how he does his godlike work, and, again, how the godly man of these latter days does his."

"Shall we say that the former is one walking painfully through the world, regarding, as a prudent man, his worldly work, prospering in it as a diligent man will prosper, but always with an eye to that better treasure to which thieves do not creep in? Is there not much nobility in that old man, as, leaning on his oaken staff, he walks down the high street of his native town, and receives from all courteous salutation and acknowledgment of his worth? A noble old man, my august inhabitants of Belgrave-square and such like vicinity—a very noble old man, though employed no better than in the wholesale carding of wool."

"This carding of wool, however, did in those days bring with it much profit, so that our ancient friend, when dying, was declared, in whatever slang then prevailed, to cut up exceeding well. For sons and daughters there was ample sustenance, with assistance of due industry; for friends and relatives some relief for grief at this great loss; for aged dependants comfort in declining years. This was much for one old man to get done in that dark fifteenth century. But this was not all:

coming generations of poor woolcarders should bless the name of this rich one; and a hospital should be founded and endowed with his wealth for the feeding of such of the trade as could not, by diligent carding, any longer duly feed themselves.

" 'Twas thus that an old man in the fifteenth century did his godlike work to the best of his power, and not ignobly, as appears to me.

" 'We will now take our godly man of latter days. He shall no longer be a woolcarder, for such are not now men of mark. We will suppose him to be one of the best of the good—one who has lacked no opportunities. Our old friend was, after all, but illiterate; our moderate friend shall be a man educated in all seemly knowledge; he shall, in short, be that blessed being—a clergyman of the Church of England!

" 'And now, in what perfectest manner does he in this lower world get his godlike work done and put out of hand? Heavens! in the strangest of manners. Oh, my brother! in a manner not at all to be believed but by the most minute testimony of eyesight. He does it by the magnitude of his appetite—by the power of his gorge; his only occupation is to swallow the bread prepared with so much anxious care for these impoverished carders of wool—that, and to sing indifferently through his nose once in the week some psalm more or less long—the shorter the better, we should be inclined to say.

" 'Oh, my civilised friends!—great Britons that never will be slaves, men advanced to infinite state of freedom and knowledge of good and evil—tell me, will you, what becoming monument you will erect to an highly-educated clergyman of the Church of England?"

Under the fictitious name of Barchester Hospital, many of the evils that have been brought to light at Rochester and Dulwich and St. Cross, and elsewhere, are exposed. The book will be useful for strengthening that public feeling which is necessary for successful attempts to remove long established abuses.

Narrative of my Missions to Constantinople and St. Petersburg in 1829 and 1830. By Baron Müffling. Translated by David Jardine, Esq. Longman and Co. Russia and her Czars. By E. J. Brabazon. Theobald.

SOME interesting notices of the late Czar Nicholas will be found in both these volumes, the more valuable in that they were written previously to his death, which will call forth many more formal memorials. Baron Müffling was sent on a special mission to Constantinople and St. Petersburg, from the Court of Berlin, at the period of the Treaty of Adrianople. A narrative of his proceedings was annexed to a collection of military commentaries upon the several campaigns in which he had previously served, published from his papers after his death. In preparing an English translation of these military commentaries two years ago, the editor, Colonel Yorke, omitted the narrative of the missions in 1829-1830, as "scarcely possessing sufficient interest for English readers." But the events that have since occurred have altered public feeling in this respect. Everything connected with the policy and proceedings of Russia in the East is eagerly studied, and Baron Müffling's narrative throws important light on the character and conduct of the Czar. We cannot afford space to enter into any of the political questions to which the book refers, and in the personal narrative we must confine our notice to the record of the conferences with the Emperor at St. Petersburg. It will be observed that the language is almost identical with what was

used twenty years later to Sir Hamilton Seymour, the British minister. On his return from Constantinople, Baron Müffling, after making report to his own sovereign, repaired to St. Petersburg:—

"The Emperor received me in the most gracious manner on my arrival at St. Petersburg. He took me at once into his cabinet, and informed me of all that had occurred since I left Constantinople. In alluding to the embassy to St. Petersburg, he said, 'Some of the evil consequences of this step, which were foreseen by me, have already come to pass. I have sent Orloff to Constantinople with positive instructions that all the points in the treaty which still remain open shall be settled in three days, as it is of importance to me to cut short these unpleasant, procrastinating habits of the Porte; and now Orloff informs me that at every question which arises, the answer is, 'Upon this point our embassy to St. Petersburg has full instructions and powers,' so that with this back-door of escape, there is no possibility of fixing the Turkish Ministers to anything. If my good neighbours think that I will suffer the negotiations of Russia with the Porte to become European negotiations, they are greatly mistaken. You,' he added, 'have acted quite in accordance with my views in bringing me into communication with the Porte, without mixing up any other parties in the business; but whoever has given the Porte the unfortunate advice to send an embassy to St. Petersburg, has not done me good service.' I immediately answered, 'If this advice was a fault, I must plead guilty to it, but I beseech your Majesty to hear my reasons.'"

After a long explanation by the Baron, he proceeds to say that—

"The Emperor heard the whole of my statement without interrupting me, and with the greatest calmness and patience. He made no answer to what I had said, but asked questions about the personal character of the Sultan, respecting which he had formed nearly the same notion as the King my master had done. My assurance that the Sultan was by nature mild and benevolent, and that he was beloved and respected by his wives and servants, did not at all coincide with his preconceived notion of him; and my statement respecting the power of the Ulemas was equally new to his Majesty. On this subject I cited to him the words uttered to the present Sultan by his unhappy predecessor just before his death—'With me things are coming to an end. They will spare you, because you are the last of the green turban; but so long as the Janissaries and the Ulemas exist, you will be a Sultan without power.' I explained to the Emperor that although the Janissaries are abolished, the dangers for the Sultan continue the same, as he will never be able to break the power of the Ulemas. According to the constitution, the Sultan is the Chief of the Ulemas; but while he possesses the same power as they do, he is himself in many respects subject to it. The Ulemas and fanaticism are inseparable. Fanaticism and civilization are directly opposed to each other. If civilization is eventually to overcome fanaticism, the present constitution must first be destroyed; but this result cannot proceed from Turkey herself. It can only be produced by the subjection of the Turkish empire to a foreign power.

"The Emperor rejected the mere suggestion of an overthrow of the Turkish empire as a scheme equally criminal and foolish. He represented the frontiers of the Russian and Austrian empires as perfectly secure against the Turks, who, moreover, since the downfall of the Janissaries, had ceased to desire conquests. He praised the character of the Mussulmans, and admitted their love of truth, and the fidelity with which they observed their promises. He declared, therefore, that he could not desire better neighbours, and that he would do all in his power to preserve the integrity of their empire, and to protect it, as far as he could, from the effects of internal dissension or foreign attack.

'Anxiety had been expressed,' he said, 'from time to time in Europe, that he might be induced by a love of war or a false ambition, to take up the part of a conqueror against the Porte. Such an impression resulted from a total ignorance of the direction of his mind, and from an assumption that he had not well considered his own position and the political relations of his empire. The extent of territory subject to his sceptre and the necessities of its vast population were fully sufficient to occupy a man's life. It would be folly in him to strive for territorial acquisitions. The path pointed out to him by God, was to promote the well-being of his subjects, and in pursuing that object above all things to abstain from frivolous wars. This would be attained by a faithful observance of all engagements contracted with other Powers, and by a rigid abstinence from all interference with foreign rights. This had been the uniform endeavour of his life, and he prayed God to give him the health and strength necessary to carry it into execution.'"

"These expressions produced in my mind an emotion which it would be difficult to describe. They were uttered with such simplicity and warmth of feeling that the very notion of art or design was out of the question. A noble heart, a generous disposition, and a clear understanding, had laid itself open with entire sincerity upon an important but wholly accidental occasion.

"I immediately wrote down the particulars of this memorable interview; and during my five month's residence in St. Petersburg I discovered nothing in the actions or negotiations of the Emperor which were not in the fullest harmony with the expressions he had used in this conversation."

There is no doubt that in this persuasion, and in the high testimony throughout borne to the sincerity and honour of the Czar, the Baron spoke the real conviction of his mind. "And it must not be forgotten," adds the translator of the narrative, "that until recent events and disclosures, which the Baron did not live to see, had turned the current of public opinion, the sentiments entertained by him respecting the personal character of the Emperor Nicholas, were entertained very generally throughout Europe, and were not unfrequently expressed by high authorities in the British Parliament." If only for variety's sake, while so much abuse is heaped on the memory of the late Czar, we give the closing paragraph of Baron Müffling's book, in which he speaks of him with grateful reverence:—

"The Emperor had given me so many proofs of his continued kindness during my long residence at St. Petersburg, that I assumed with certainty that he had not taken offence at my statement of the reasons which had induced me to propose the mission of a Turkish embassy to St. Petersburg. Whether I had convinced him of the utility or necessity of my proposal was another question. I was obliged to suppose that my reasons had not satisfied him, as he had given me no answer, and had never since alluded to the subject. On my taking leave of his Majesty, however, he dismissed me in his cabinet with an abundance of kindness; and when I had reached the door he called me back, saying, 'Apropos to the embassy which you proposed to the Sultan—you were perfectly right in that matter; you foresaw the result quite correctly.' Thus it appeared that I had convinced the Emperor, not at first, when his mind was in a state of vexation in consequence of the delays at Constantinople, but after experience of the facts, and mature reflection upon the reasons which I had stated to him. His noble heart craved to do me justice. He would not allow me to depart without giving me this satisfaction, which I did not expect, because I felt how difficult it must be for the Emperor to acknowledge an error which had not only been adopted by himself, but which had for three months given a false direction to the negotiations of his Minister for Foreign Affairs.

These few words were evidence of an exalted and magnanimous character, and confirmed to the end of my life the deep reverence which I entertained towards the Emperor. I think it a sacred duty not to withhold from posterity the notice of this honourable incident in the conduct of the Emperor Nicholas; and with it my mission to Constantinople was closed."

In the history of 'Russia and her Czars,' a volume compiled with diligent care from the best sources of information, we find the following statement on a subject which lately received some attention in this country. In reply to an assertion of Mr. Bright as to the perfect toleration enjoyed by Protestants in Russia, Lord Panmure, at a meeting of the Bible Society in Edinburgh, cited cases of persecutions that had taken place under the sanction of the Emperor, and said that the circulation of the scriptures was prohibited by Nicholas. The true state of the case we believe to be as thus described in the volume before us. After describing an interview between the Emperor Alexander and the late Mr. Allen, quoted from Mr. Sherman's life of that philanthropist, the author proceeds:—

"Only four years had elapsed after this parting, when the Emperor was taken to his rest, and with him perished the Russian Bible Society. His successor, Nicholas, was a subscriber, till he listened to the false representations of a party consisting of nobility and clergy in St. Petersburg, many of whose minds had been poisoned by monks, and, in consequence, he formally suspended the activity of the Russian Bible Society 'in all its operations without exception.'"

"In the year 1826 the Society's stereotype printing office in St. Petersburg was closed, all printing of the Scriptures in Russia ceased, an edition of ten thousand copies of the first eight books of the Old Testament was strangled in the press, and two hundred and eighty-nine auxiliaries were suppressed. Yet the light was not extinguished. On the 4th of March, 1831, the Emperor permitted the Protestants to form a society *exclusively for themselves*; and at their first anniversary it was reported that they had issued eleven thousand and seventy-two copies of the sacred volume. The circulation of tracts and books also continued on a restricted scale; and tracts have been scattered from the regions of Kamshatka to the Baltic, and from the Black Sea to the Frozen Ocean."

"From the year 1830, a little band, aided by the Rev. Richard Knill, a zealous and devoted minister, was able to print new works, and to secure for them an extensive circulation. A depository was opened for the sale of religious tracts and books at reduced prices. 'It often happens,' wrote Mr. Knill, 'that people are with us early in the morning, who are followed by a succession of others for several hours together. Surely all this need will not be lost! Mrs. More remarks very beautifully respecting the mother of Moses, while making the ark for her babe:—

'With invocations to the living God
She twisted every slender thread together,
And with a prayer did every osier weave.'

This is what I wish to do with every tract, every school-book, every psalter, every prayer-book, every Testament, and every Bible which I distribute."

"A strict surveillance is kept over all books introduced into the empire from other countries, and no publication can issue from the press, not even an advertisement or a handbill, without the *imprimatur* of the censor. It is but just to say, however, that whenever applications have been made to the censors for their sanction to the publication of religious tracts and books, that sanction has generally been promptly given. 'Indeed,' says Dr. Pinkerton, 'provided you keep clear of the dispute respecting the procession of the Holy Ghost, the number of the sacraments, the invocation of saints, prayers for the dead, &c., you may state all the vital doctrines of the gospel, without fear

of having the work rejected by the spiritual authorities.'

"A few alterations have occasionally been suggested by the censors, but they were of comparatively little importance. For example, when the 'Life of Lucy Maria Bigelow,' an interesting American work, was proposed for publication, the censor objected to one paragraph in it. Lucy had been very ill when a mere child, and on this is founded an appeal to children of a tender age, in which it is assumed that had she died at that time she must have been lost, as she did not experience a change of heart till some time afterwards. To this the censor objected, on the ground that it was opposed to the doctrine of the Greek church, which is, that no child is responsible under seven years of age. Instead, however, of simply drawing his pen through the objectionable passage, or rejecting the work—he advised them to make the child a few years older, as no Russian would believe that a girl of her age could feel and act as she was said to have done. This they could not do; *verisimilitude* was sacrificed to *truth*. One alteration, indeed, was made, the mention of which may, perhaps, provoke a smile. A tract entitled 'Saturday Evening: or a Conversation betwixt Sarah Wood and Mary Hopkins,' was translated, and sent to the censor's office. Its object is to correct the evil of working on the Sabbath. In Russia, as amongst the Jews, the day is, for all ecclesiastical purposes, reckoned from sunset to sunset, or from 6 p.m. the preceding day. The manuscript was returned on the ground that it was as sinful to make purchases on the evening of Saturday, as was recommended by the tract, as on the morning of the Sabbath. What was to be done? A glance at the little work sufficed to show. The pen was drawn through the word 'evening,' leaving the title to stand thus: 'Saturday: or a Conversation,' &c.; and one similar alteration was made in the body of the tract. It was then again sent to the censor, and his *imprimatur* was granted at once."

"From the year 1830 to 1849, about 3,636,000 books and tracts were circulated throughout the empire and adjoining countries, together with some copies of the Scriptures on its borders, and many were the cases of conversion, from Russian noblemen to the poorest serfs."

In the chapter on the Czar Alexander, in the account of his last tour in the southern provinces of the empire, many interesting notices are collected of the Crimea, and other places on the shores of the Black Sea. The annexation of the Crimea is previously narrated in the 'Life of the Empress Catherine,' of whom, as of Peter the Great, and all the Czars of public note, the volume contains biographical details.

NOTICES.

Romaic and Modern Greek compared with one another. By James Clyde, M.A. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

MR. CLYDE'S book gives a good deal of information as to the actual condition of the Greek language, both in its popular dialects and in the form it has recently assumed in literary and academic usage. He has acted wisely in throwing his work into the form of a general disquisition, without attempting to compile a grammar or other formal treatise. The truth is that the Romaic, with its multiplicity of dialects, is irreducible to any regular system; while the modern Greek, the language of the educated, as distinguished from the speech of the unlearned, is still in a transition state, and presents diversities of style not yet amenable to any common and authoritative standard. The modern Greek, that in which books, newspapers, and other literary productions are published, and which is heard in the pulpit and at the bar, in the senate and in the school-house, is only the popular Romaic remoulded in the forms of the ancient classical language, with additional words and phrases to represent objects and ideas unknown in

former times. No surprise need be excited by the frequent coincidences and analogies between the Greek of the modern university of Athens and that of the old Attic writers, because the construction of the language, as now in use, has been determined by men familiar with classical learning, and purposely moulding the popular materials to classical rules. The formation of the Neohellenic language is part of the system begun at the revolutionary era for restoring the old Hellenic nationality. The attempt has partially been attended with success; but there is still much imperfection and confusion in the language as well as the politics of the Greek race. Briefly, as viewed in relation to old classic speech, Romaic is ancient Greek in course of natural corruption, modern Greek is the same language in course of artificial restoration. Mr. Clyde objects to the statement of Professor Sophocles, of Cambridge university, U.S., that "Romaic," or, as it is often termed, "modern Greek," thus confounding the two, "bears the same relation to the Greek—that is, the language of the ancient Greeks—that the Italian bears to the Latin." As to Romaic, Professor Sophocles is not far wrong; but as to modern Greek his statement is obviously erroneous, and he must mean modern Greek as incorrectly used as a synonym for Romaic. Mr. Clyde is himself equally in error when he likens Romaic to broad Scotch. Broad Scotch is not corrupted English, but undeveloped English; a stage of the language towards its classical form. Romaic is rather analogous to what the colloquial English of America or Australia might have become, had it not been for the conservative power of the universally diffused classical books of our language. But we recommend the study of Mr. Clyde's book as a valuable contribution to the knowledge of Romaic and of modern Greek. He gives a variety of illustrations and examples, exhibiting the peculiarities and characteristics both of the popular and polite literature of Greece in the nineteenth century. We refer our readers to the 'Literary Gazette' for 1853, p. 1063, in a review of Tri-coupi's 'History of the Revolution,' to a notice of Professor Blackie's Introductory Lecture in 'L.G.' 1853, p. 1120, and to Donaldson's 'Modern Greek Grammar,' for further information on the language of the modern Greeks.

Sussex Archaeological Collections, relating to the History and Antiquities of the County. Published by the Sussex Archaeological Society. Vol. VII. J. Russell Smith.

SOME of the papers in this volume are of national as well as local interest. For instance, 'The Books of Orders and Rules of Anthony Viscount Montague, in 1595,' edited from the original manuscript by Sir Sibbald David Scott, Bart., gives a most graphic and minute representation of old English manners, and of the domestic economy of a great man's family. It is a document even more curious and valuable than the Royal Household Expenses, published in 1790 by the Society of Antiquaries, or the Northumberland Household-Book, published in 1770, from which many facts have been obtained by historians as to the internal history of England in former times. In the 'Memorials of the Town, Parish, and Cinque Port of Seaford,' by Mark Anthony Somer, M.A., some valuable facts of political and social history are presented. The list of British and Saxon names retained in Sussex, with remarks by William Durrant Cooper, contains valuable contributions to this department of the historical archaeology of the island. The other papers relate chiefly to objects of topographical interest. A useful feature, first introduced in the present volume, is a list of Sussex notes and queries, containing miscellaneous remarks, inquiries, and memoranda. A full report of the proceedings of the Annual Meeting of the Archaeological Institute, held in 1852, at Winchester, is given in an appendix. The Sussex Archaeological Society seems to be conducted with much spirit, and it is most creditable to the acting committee and the office-bearers, that they can present annually to the members, gratuitously, a handsome volume such as the present, with valuable matter

and numerous illustrations: the subscription to the Society amounts only to ten shillings yearly. There are no paid officers, not even clerk or collector, and the unremitting exertions of the local secretaries, with the cordial co-operation and generous hospitality of the county gentlemen, ensure the prosperity of the Association. The Sussex archaeologists present in all respects an honourable example to those who are engaged in similar pursuits throughout the country.

The Revelations of a Square; Exhibiting Sayings and Doings of Free and Accepted Masons, from the Revival in 1717, by Dr. Desaguliers, to the Reunion in 1813, by their R.H. the Dukes of Kent and Sussex. By the Rev. G. Oliver, D.D. Spencer.

THE subject of this work is so peculiar, and those interested in it so distinct from the general world, that it must pass with a brief notice. Dr. Oliver is an enthusiast in the cause of the order. His father, he tells us, also a mason, died a few years ago, at the age of ninety-two, and having noted in a diary many facts relating to freemasonry that came within his observation, curious historical records are thus preserved. "In his early days he was acquainted with a brother, who was initiated by Dr. Maningham in 1740, and personally knew brothers Desaguliers, Anderson, Clare, Hutchinson, Calcott, Preston, and all the great lights of that period." Dr. Oliver has collected and arranged in this work many historical and biographical memorials of brethren of all ranks, from royal dukes and illustrious potentates, down to that talented mason Bro. Hestetian, and Bro. Dunckerley, "whose names will live as long as masonry shall endure." To the general reader the book is interesting only on account of the occasional references to the customs and usages of the last century. There are illustrations in the volume of the symbolical and mystical kind, characteristic of books of freemasonry.

Inkermann: a Poem. By George Small, Gunner, Royal Artillery. Hope and Co.

GUNNER SMALL must have had the advantage of better education than usually falls to the lot of men of his class, for his poem is marked by many historical allusions not obviously suggested by the subject in hand, while the descriptions are spirited and in good taste. We give a few lines:—

"Morn woke in tears. A film of gloom o'erspread
Her drooping eyes; and clouds and vapours hung
Over the brow of Earth. All Nature wept;
Her silent grief showed sympathy with man,
As, bathed in careless sleep, his spirit found
Oblivion even in life before the grave."

"Above the rocky steep of Inkermann
An anxious army lay encamp'd for war.
They were the vanguard of high Freedom's band,
A Spartan host, reduced by conflict fierce
To scanty numbers. On the mountain ridge,
Whose storm-worn peaks rose shelterless to view,
The Western warriors bivouack'd, and lay
Weary and worn with hardship and disease."

"They came to gather fame in war—to reap
A glorious harvest on the crimson ground
Of furrow'd Combats: and each soldier's nerve
Had stood unquailing in the roar of fight,
And courted battle for its bright renown.
With foes and pestilence beleagu'ring round,
His heroism he now sublimely proved."

After describing the stealthy attack of the Russians, and the resistance of the advanced picquets, the approach of the conflict to the camp is thus narrated:—

"Nearer, and nearer still, the rolling thunder
Booms with its heavy roar, which told of strife
Deep in the vale below. There gather'd soon
The skirmishers' devoted band when first
The alarm was sounded, and disputed ground
With firm and desperate front, till borne aback
Up to their lines' support, they found relief
From succouring comrades. Yet repose was not—
For fiercer grew the roar and iron clang.
The opening day just gave them light to see
An adverse force, which, measur'd with their own,
Seem'd like a mountain to a rock, or sapling
To a huge oak, so far unequal they.
And through the pass's gorge fresh columns swell,
As rolling waves succeed each other's track,
Dashing with impotence against the shore,
That mocks their fury with such stubborn will
As Britons show'd at Inkermann that day."

The poem is highly creditable to the author's talents, and the references to the French alliance,

and to the political objects of the war, show an intelligent knowledge, which, we trust, is generally diffused throughout the British army. While diplomatists are unravelling more difficult points of policy, our soldiers feel that the interference of England and France is chiefly to check a wanton outrage on the law of nations, armed force being necessary to shield a weaker from the unjust violence of a stronger power. This is plainly and well expressed in the poem.

Buds of Hope: the Poetical Remains of Esther Pearson. With Biographical Memoir. By John Cooper. Nisbet and Co.

THESE are memorials of a young writer of much promise. She died at the age of seventeen, after a lingering illness, having shown proofs of rare mental as well as spiritual excellence. The Memoir chiefly describes the religious features of her character. The poems are almost wholly of a devotional or scriptural caste, and some of them are strikingly applicable to the case of the writer herself, such as the following Epitaph, written when she was only in her tenth year:—

"Blest soul! safe landed on the heavenly shore,
Now all the storms of bitter life are o'er.
His sins and doubts are buried with his clay,
And now he lives and sings to endless day.
His eyes with rapturous joy for ever gaze
On Christ, his Lord, sole object of his praise.
His mouldering clay shall soon rejoin his soul,
While shouts of joy resound from pole to pole;
Then mount on high, and join the blood-washed
throng,
In the full chorus of an endless song."

In another piece, On the Death of a Friend, occur these beautiful lines,—

"E'en so, ere long, above that lonely grave
The flowering weed and high green grass shall wave.
There shall the wild bee rest her wearied wing,
And, far aloft, the sky-lark sweetly sing;
There shall Aurora's opening splendours play,
And Evening's glories brighten and decay;
And modest wild flowers bloom as young and fair
As if no cold remains were mouldering there!"

The poems are illustrated by appropriate and tasteful wood-engravings and ornamental designs, by G. Cooper, brother of the subject of the memoir.

SUMMARY.

In the Annotated Edition of the English Poets (John W. Parker and Son), edited by Robert Bell, the third volume is issued of *Chaucer's Poems*, and the first of the *Poetical Works of James Thomson*, with a well-written and interesting prefatory memoir. Of the facts known of the poet's life, the greater number were published in the biographical sketch by his friend Dr. Murdoch, prefixed to an edition of his works in 1762. A memoir had previously appeared in Cibber's collection in 1753, Johnson's Life in 1781, the Earl of Buchan's Essay on Thomson, 1792; and the Memoirs by Sir Harris Nicholas, 1830, reprinted with additions in 1847, and of Allan Cunningham in 1841, do not add materially to information as to the personal history of the poet as written by Murdoch. Mr. Bell has made judicious use of the biographical materials ready to his hand. The general critical notice of Thomson's poetry is reserved for the introduction to the Seasons.

In Bohn's British Classics, the fourth volume of *Addison's Works*, by Bishop Hurd (H. G. Bohn), contains the concluding papers of the Spectator, the Guardian, the Lover, the Present State of the War, Trial of Count Tariff, the Whig Examiner, and the Freeholder. Here is indeed a cheap volume of the best reading, which even those who have not the whole of the series may procure, as containing matter worth a dozen of the ordinary books on railway book-stalls. There is to be a fifth volume of *Addison's Works*, containing his Letters, some of them hitherto unpublished.

General Sir Howard Douglas's *Remarks on the Naval Operations in the Black Sea, and the Siege of Sevastopol*, are reprinted in the form of a pamphlet (Murray), from the fourth edition of 'Douglas on Naval Gunnery.' In an ably written pamphlet is discussed the question, *Should the Money required to pay the Expenses of the War be raised*

by Loans or by Taxes (Binns and Goodwin), the writer showing that, on the whole, the best course is to borrow, and to repay by terminable annuities, the creation of which must be deferred until peace is restored, and the money market in a settled condition. *Some Observations on the War in the Crimea* (Simpkin, Marshall and Co.), a pamphlet worth preserving by those who may be collecting passing publications on the war. It is a very fair expression of the general feeling throughout the country as to the conduct of the government and the condition of the army before Sevastopol.

In Routledge's Series of Original Novels is given a cleverly-written tale, *The Family Feud*, by Adam Hornbook, author of 'Alderman Ralph' (Routledge and Co.).

In the Railway Library (Routledge and Co.), a volume contains *Electra*, by the author of 'Rockingham'; and in the cheap series of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's works, *The Disowned*.

A useful compilation, *The Scottish Newspaper Directory, and Guide to Advertisers*, gives a full account of the newspaper press of Scotland, with notices of the character and influence of each paper, with many statistical facts relating to Scottish journalism. A list of English and Irish journals is appended.

In a small volume are printed *The Literary and Scientific Institutions Act*, 17 and 18 Vict. c. 112, and the Act 6 and 7 Vict. c. 36, exempting such institutions from liability, with Notes and Index, and an Introduction, by W. G. Lumley, Esq., Barrister-at-law (Knight and Co.). The introduction contains a commentary upon both acts, and all the decisions of the courts of law in the exempting act. It is a book indispensable for reference by all who have any active share in originating or conducting these popular institutions.

Suitable for use in Sunday schools and in families, are sacred melodies, words and music, edited by Rev. C. H. Bateman (Houlston and Stoneman), and *One Thousand Questions in the New Testament*, by a Teacher (Jarrod and Sons).

Some theological tenets which have recently obtained currency among the Broad party in the Anglican church, are advocated in a new code of articles, *Reformata Fidei Confessio*, in articulis duodeviginti digesta, operâ Presbyteri Anglicani (Binns and Goodwin). *A Lecture on Respiration*, by Thomas Hopley (Churchill), prepared as a specimen of lectures to be delivered at the institutions for popular instruction, contains many striking and practical remarks on sanitary subjects. *An Era in the Life of a Living Statesman*, by a Conservative (Ward and Locke), is a panegyric of Lord Derby at the expense of Lord Aberdeen.

A curious specimen of what occasionally issues from the press under the form of verse, is a poem, *The Age*, by C. W. Iayne (Binns and Goodwin), containing the writer's opinions and reflections on things in general, commencing thus:—

"Who does not write? who has not scratched his name
Upon a vol., and sent it in to Fame?
Who has not ta'en that universal hop
From first edition to portmanteau-shop?
Who don't compose? Ask Paternoster-row;
Perhaps she may that meek, good Christian know."

Under the title of *What Auntie saw in Scotland* (Nisbet and Co.), Mrs. Tonna has written a very useful and entertaining little historical and descriptive book, which we commend as excellently suited for young people.

In the story of *My Life; or, the Autobiography of a Village Curate*, by Eliza R. Rowe (Vizetelly), many remarkable incidents and well-drawn characters are presented in the form of an autobiography. Many of the sketches must have been drawn from life, and they convey useful lessons both of life and godliness.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Bloomfield's (R.) *Poetical Works*, square 16mo, 2s. 6d. gilt, 3s.
Bowker's *Angling*, 12mo, cloth, reduced, 2s. 6d.
Bresslau's (Prof.) *Hebrew & English Dict.*, with Grammar, 4s.
——— Grammar, 12mo, sewed, 1s.
Buckingham's (J. S.) *Autobiography*, Vol. 1 and 2, 4s. 1s.
Butler's *Sermons*, new edition, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
——— (J. O.) *Geography of the Globe*, 10th edition, 4s. 6d.

Choever and Headley's *Travels among Alpine Scenery*, 3s. 6d.
 Colenso's (Ep.) *Ten Weeks in Natal*, 12mo, cloth, 5s.
 Communion Service, 2s. 6d.
 Cuthbert's *Infants Asleep in Jesus*, 18mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
 Davy's (John) *Angler and his Friend*, fcap. 8vo, cloth, 6s.
 English Cyclo.; *Geography and Natural History*, Vol. 3, 20s.
 Gerstaecker's *Frank Wildman*, post 8vo, cloth, 5s. gilt, 5s. 6d.
 Happy Sundays, 2 vols., 18mo, cloth, new edition, 3s. each.
 James's (Rev. J. A.) *Christian Fellowship*, 11th ed., 1s. 6d.
 Killen's (M.) *Our Father's House*, 2nd ed., 12mo, 5s. 6d.
 Lenny's *Questions to Tytler's Elements*, 4th ed., 12mo, 2s.
 Manual of Private Devotions, 32mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.
 Meyrick's (Rev. J.) *Papal Supremacy*, fcap. 8vo, cloth, 2s.
 Morris's (B. R.) *British Game Birds*, &c., 4to, £2 5s.
 Pretty Pleasing Picture Book, coloured, 5s. 6d.
 Ryle's *American Liberty and Government Questioned*, 7s.
 Small Books on Great Subjects, No. 3, 3rd ed., fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Stirling's (W.) *Velazquez and his Works*, fcap. 8vo, cloth, 5s.
 Tanner's (Mrs.) *Life*, fcap. 8vo, cloth, 2s.
 Thrower's (W.) *Questions in Arithmetic*, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
 Virgil in English Rhythm, Vol. 1, post 8vo, cloth, 9s.
 Wrightson's (R. H.) *History of Modern Italy*, p. 8vo, 10s. 6d.

MR. COPLEY FIELDING.

THE world of art has been deprived of one of its greatest ornaments by the death of Mr. Copley Fielding. As one of the oldest and first, if not the unrivalled chief of the Painters in Water Colours, and as a painter of landscape in oils, for more than thirty years past he has occupied a prominent place in the public eye. Not only as a contributor to the exhibitions, where he was one of the most frequent, but as a teacher of the beautiful art he practised, his name was familiar throughout the country wherever the pencil was handled either by artists or amateurs. Mr. Copley Fielding was of a family of which several members were devoted to cognate pursuits. His brother, Captain Fielding, was originally a student of the fine arts, but abandoned them for the profession of the bar; from which, however, after his marriage, he also retired. Another brother, Thales Fielding, was for many years master of drawing at Woolwich Academy. Although, as has been mentioned, an extensive painter in oils, it was to water colours that Copley Fielding's early efforts were most constantly directed. His life was from the first successful, and on the death of Joshua Christall, he was elected President of the Old Water Colour Society, which office he retained to his death. This event took place last week at Worthing, in the artist's fifty-eighth year. Of all the members of the profession to which he belonged, scarcely one could be found, whose character was more generally admired by artists themselves, as a worthy and accomplished representative of their order, or by his numerous pupils for the affability of his manner. In a life varied only by periodical changes of residence from the sea-coast of Brighton and Worthing, where he spent his autumns, to London, there is little to record; but its results, in the extraordinary number of works, both in oils and water-colours, which issued from his prolific pencil—all of nearly equal excellence, and of unflinching popularity to the last—are of unusual importance and interest. Five pictures now being exhibited at the British Institution, and of recent execution, testify how little diminution is to be noticed in his powers from the efforts of his younger years.

On the character of the artist's works it is unnecessary here to dwell, from their great frequency and publicity; it will be sufficient to notice that two prevailing conditions of nature seemed to rule his productions—either his rich and wooded landscapes were bathed in the cool airs of morning or the cloudless sultriness of noonday; or else a doomed vessel was seen to be hurried by a raging sea, under the blackest of storms, against a rock-bound coast. From these two types his subjects rarely varied. Of that peculiar sweetness and harmony which characterized his style, and which infallibly attracted and gratified the eye, alike of the artist and the uninitiated spectator, it is equally needless to speak; indeed, never did the pastoral beauty of his pieces exceed that of *Bolton Abbey*, or the blended colours of a distant landscape combine more felicitously than in the *View of Dunstaffnage Abbey*, now on view at the British Institution. The *Scene at the Entrance of Newhaven Harbour* is in the severer style we have mentioned; and the other specimens of his works are all charac-

teristic as types of a large class of similar productions. The unprecedented extent and almost uniform merit of these works will preserve to a distant posterity the fame of the artist, even when the recollection of his personal eminence of character will have passed away with those who enjoyed the pleasure of his intimate acquaintance.

MR. JOHN HOLLINS, A.R.A.

ANOTHER important loss to the artist world has occurred in the death of this gentleman, an Associate of the Academy, which took place on the 7th instant, at his residence, 47, Berners-street. Mr. J. Hollins was the son of Mr. Thomas Hollins, a portrait painter of eminence, and was descended from an old family, originally of Moseley, in Staffordshire. He was born at Birmingham on the 1st of June, 1798. He was early devoted to the artist profession, and upon first coming to London practised portrait painting in oils and miniature. In the beginning of his career he attracted the notice and afterwards shared the friendship of Sir Robert Lawley, subsequently Lord Wenlock, of Canwell Park. With this nobleman he travelled to Italy in 1825, where he resided for some years, and at Rome he formed an acquaintance with Wilkie, which was continued until his death. Amongst the works on which he was engaged at this time was a full-sized copy, now in London, of Raphael's great work, the *Incendio di Borgo*, in the Vatican, and the figure of a Greek lady, in the possession of the Wenlock family. He left Italy in 1827.

Upon the death of Lord Wenlock, at Florence, in 1834, Mr. Hollins revisited Italy, having been entrusted with a confidential management of the affairs of that nobleman. He returned to London the same year, where he has since generally resided. Mr. Hollins was, throughout the whole of his life, in the main, a portrait painter, though a portion of his time was annually devoted to fancy subjects in the department of figures. In the year 1842, there being several vacancies amongst the Associates of the Academy, it was resolved that a portrait painter should be elected, when owing to the combined influence of Sir Martin Shee, Mr. Pickersgill, and Mr. Phillips, not only one, but two portrait painters, Mr. John Hollins and Mr. Francis Grant, were elected at the same time. Since his being a member of the Academy, Mr. Hollins has continued to paint portraits, amongst which may be mentioned those of the present Marquis of Huntley when *Lord Aboyne*, Viscount Ponsonby, the *Earl of Gainsborough*, (not yet exhibited,) *Mr. Lee, R.A.*, *Mr. Bass and Family*, and many others. Of the figure paintings, the most usual were subjects taken from the sea-coast of Deal and Dover, or from the French ports—such as fishermen, sailors, Greenwich pensioners, and others,—or of youths from the Highlands. These pictures were always highly finished, and invariably commanded high prices. Mr. Hollins also contributed to celebrate an event of much public interest, on the remarkable occasion when a voyage was successfully made from Vauxhall Gardens to Nassau, in Mr. Green's balloon, by three persons,—Mr. Holland, Mr. Monck Mason, and the aeronaut himself. Mr. Hollins painted a picture representing a party of persons in conference before the event took place, with the balloon itself in the background. The portraits were six in number, being those of Mr. Holland, Mr. Monck Mason, Mr. Green, Mr. W. M. James, now an eminent member of the Chancery bar, Mr. Prideaux, and the artist. An engraving in line by Mr. T. H. Robinson, after this picture, was extensively circulated. One of Mr. Hollins's pictures, in last year's Academy Exhibition, will be fresh in our readers' recollection, being the joint production of himself and Mr. Lee, when the scenery was contributed by the latter, and by the former portraits of Lord Spencer, Lord Althorp, Lord and Lady Burghley, and Mr. Lee were introduced. Mr. Hollins was throughout life unmarried, and was cousin to Mr. Peter Hollins, the eminent sculptor of Birmingham. The funeral took place on Wednesday, and was attended by

Sir C. Eastlake, Sir E. Landseer, and Messrs. Redgrave and T. Creswick, as pall-bearers, and by a numerous assemblage of the friends and admirers of the deceased.

THE ROYAL LITERARY FUND.

At the Annual General Meeting, on Wednesday, of the Royal Literary Fund, the unusual number of sixty members assembled, in consequence of it having been rumoured that some important opposition would be offered to the mode of administering the funds. The first step in a reform was carried at the outset, to the effect that reporters from the daily papers should be admitted; and the public have, in consequence, been made, for the first time, aware of the Society's proceedings. Like all institutions whose operations are conducted in secret, and not submitted to the test of criticism, the affairs of the Literary Fund, though managed with perfect good faith, have lapsed into the control of a few patrons and amateurs, who are not distributing their alms with sufficient economy and usefulness. It appears that out of an income of 2000*l.* a year, the Committee of the Literary Fund has for the last ten years expended 500*l.* a year in its administration; whilst in the Artists' General Benevolent Fund even a larger number of applicants have been relieved at a cost of administration of less than 100*l.* a year; so that out of 2000*l.* worth of alms, only 1500*l.* are employed for the purposes of relief. The principal leader of the opposition to this state of things, and almost the only opponent up to the present time, is Mr. Dilke, the proprietor of the 'Athenæum'; but his calculations have been made with such rabid view of economy, both at the General Meeting and publicly in his journal, that they have tended hitherto to invoke a conservative opposition, even from those who, like ourselves, have been brought to the conviction that a reform is needed. This year Mr. Dilke's efforts have been most gallantly supported by Mr. Dickens, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Mr. Forster, and others, who are after all the really active representatives of literature, and the work of reformation has been commenced in a more modified and acceptable form. It was due to Mr. Dilke that he should have the lead in the proceedings of Wednesday; but we were very sure that had this been surrendered to Mr. Dickens, to Sir Bulwer Lytton, or to Mr. Forster, the following important preliminary motion would not have been lost:—

"That whereas during the ten years from 1844 to 1853, both inclusive, the cost of assisting 420 applicants to the Literary Fund amounted to 5044*l.* 0*s.* 10*d.* (exclusive of collector's poundage, advertisements, and expenses attending the anniversary dinner), and whereas the cost of assisting 559 applicants to the Artists' General Benevolent Fund, within the same 10 years, amounted to 904*l.* 17*s.* 10*d.* (also exclusive of collector's poundage, advertisements, and expenses attending the anniversary dinner); the meeting is of opinion that the expenses of managing the Literary Fund are unreasonable and enormous, and that a great change must be made in the administration of its affairs."

Upon this motion being put by Sir Robert Harry Inglis to the meeting, 28 hands were held up for it, and 32 against it, and we affirm that it was lost by the votes of one or two members who sauntered into the room only just prior to the showing of hands for no other purpose than that of opposing what has been for some time past regarded as a radical conspiracy. They had not heard one word of the argument that convinced Dean Milman, ourselves, and others, of the propriety of the motion.

It appears, from the Auditor's Report of last year, that the income of the Literary Fund for 1854 was 2001*l.*, and the amount of grants of relief only 1470*l.*; so that it cost the Fund 531*l.* for rent, salaries, and incidental expenses. Under the last head we notice an item, 'Tavern Bill, 110*l.*,' more than the gross total of the General Artists' Benevolent Fund's expenses, notwithstanding they have a dinner at the Freemasons' as well as the Literary Fund. The truth is, that the General Committee of the latter, having a tolerable command of cash, invite a large number of visitors to every dinner to dress the upper table, under the plea that it

brings subscriptions. But it is only throwing herring to catch sprats. We deny that it requires any such bait to procure the support of literary men, and of the leading patrons of literature. Every member of the upper table ought to pay, on the occasion of a charitable festivity, for his own dinner-ticket. Poor Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson, seated at the bottom of the hall, buy their own dinner-ticket, and pay a guinea to the Fund besides. How little do they dream that their generous alms are devoted to the purchase of tickets for the lords and baronets at the upper table.

To Mr. Dickens we are indebted for having driven in the wedge, which is destined, at no distant period, to break up this condition of things. By an animated and severely humorous speech he brought the whole excited assembly to agree to the formation of a Committee for the consideration of a new Charter, in the following characteristic motion:—

"That whether the general committee's construction of the existing charter be legal or illegal (as to which there are differences of opinion), it is manifestly absurd, as constituting a body, expressly to be elected from members of the general committee, with at least three years' experience, called a council, to which it confides no powers and no duties, and which never meets, because it cannot even be called together by any authority for any purpose. And that it is, therefore, desirable to apply for a new charter, and that a committee be specially appointed with this object, with instructions to report the result of their labours to a general meeting to be convened for this purpose. That such committee be composed of the following members:—The President, the Very Rev. the Dean of St. Paul's, B. W. Proctor, Esq., Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, John Forster, Esq., W. M. Thackeray, Esq., Charles Dickens, Esq., Robert Bell, Esq., the Rev. G. R. Gleig, and C. W. Dilke, Esq."

We cannot agree with Mr. Dickens in holding it "a principle beyond dispute, that a literary fund should be under the control of literary and scientific men, and that none else should be proposed." We think that there should be a majority of literary and scientific men in the administration; but in a Fund which is so largely dependent for support on the wealthy patrons of letters, it is only right that they should be represented in the Council. Mr. Dickens does not propose to confine the subscription list to literary and scientific men.

THE ABUSES OF LITERATURE.

In sympathetic times like the present, we accept with pleasure any harmless schemes that come forth from generous minds with a view to alleviate distress. With the aid of fancy-balls, bazaars, *fêtes champêtres*, and public dinners, cheered by the smiles of titled patrons and patronesses, many a goodly sum has been raised, under the excitement of fashion and personal enjoyment. Charity, indeed, often shows herself most kindly in the midst of social revelry. The Benevolent Funds of artists and of men of letters would sink to insignificance but for the sentiments evoked under the benignant influence of the loving cup. Cruikshank may insist on total abstinence from these delights, but it is not at the tea-parties of Bands of Hope that charity jingles her most liberal offerings to the destitute. To all such projects, in moderation, we give our best support. But our attention has been directed lately to a mode of raising alms, of which the issue is more doubtful, and the principle more liable to objection. Under pretext of doing an act of charity, certain well-meaning persons contrive to draw upon the sympathies of friends to publish compositions which have not merit of themselves to command the interest of the public; and the result is that 'our library table,' the shelves of the British Museum, and Mr. Panizzi's catalogue-makers, are cumbered with a class of publications that bring discredit upon literature, and, but for these touching appeals *ad misericordiam*, would never see the light. We have received 'Inkermann, a Poem,' and several meagre literary contributions, whose sale can hardly suffice to pay the expense of printing and paper, to which the public are called upon in pity to subscribe, because the profits, it is announced, will be given to the Patriotic Fund; and we have been this week solicited by a Master of the Court of Queen's Bench of scientific and

antiquarian renown, a Knight, B.A., F.R.S., and F.S.A., to assist at the birth of an "intellectual effort," not on the score of literary merit, but because it is intended to serve a charitable object.

"To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

March 12, 1855.

"SIR,—A reviewer is always a Great Unknown, whom any attempt to propitiate is most likely to incense; so I beg to disclaim any intention of the kind. But for a collateral purpose I do venture to bespeak your favour and invite your assistance. The little work, of which I send you a prospectus and specimen, is compiled and concocted for a charitable object. The names of the donors and contributors inscribed thereon will be found of the highest respectability. My little book will soon appear in your advertising columns, and be placed by my respectable publisher on your library table. Then avail yourself of the opportunity to plead the cause of the widow; draw upon your own experiences of life, if it be not true of the literary and professional man,—

"Oft have we seen the student pale,
Devoted sternly to explore
The darkest depths of jurist lore,
Fail to catch the favouring gale,
And only quit the garret for the jail!"—
THE WIDOW'S RESCUE.

I remain, &c.

The writer of this letter, it appears, has a portfolio of original poetry, which has been hitherto kept back from the public, and having been impressed with the destitute condition of the widow of an old professional colleague, a barrister of the Middle Temple and retired Chief Justice, he has hit upon the expedient of publishing these effusions with the hope that they may prove a source of profit to the bereaved.

"It might be some consolation to her, but it would little avail for her support, to be told, that—

'I gave to misery (all I had) a tear;'

so I have determined not to mock her in that fashion, but to devote whatever of time I could spare from official duties,—what of energy I have left,—what of zeal and devotion the occasion demands and inspires,—to make an intellectual effort to assist her."

Although we have been honoured with the promise of an advertisement, it is, nevertheless, our duty to weigh this intellectual effort fairly in the balance of criticism; and as the poet has favoured us with some specimen pages, we are enabled to judge in some degree of the merits of his portfolio by anticipation. The book is to be entitled 'The Widow's Rescue, Select Eulogies, Schooled and Fooled, a Tale, and other Literary Collections and Recollections,' the first being, apparently, composed for the occasion, with the announcement that it is "an appeal to grandeur, eloquence, the bishops and clergy, the judges and bar, the affluent and independent." It opens thus:—

"The garter on thy knee,
The star upon thy breast,
Flower of England's Chivalry,
Bend the commanding brow,
Recall the knightly vow,
To 'succour the distressed';
Recall the knightly vow,
To 'succour the distressed'."

"On whose persuasive tongue,
A Senate's raptures hung,
A Nation's loud acclaim
Extends thy dangerous fame;
Statesman,—restrain thy lifting pride,
Perils impend on every side:
Pause in thy bright career, and, sober, scan,
The claims and sufferings of thy fellow man:
Pride of man, succumb and blush,—
To the Widow's rescue, rush;
—Much is given—expected much!
Lips of fire,—denouncing sin;
Heart of love,—that melts within;
Rays of a redeeming grace,
Beaming from that angel face:

Emblem of purity and love,
(Calm light reflected from above),
Lawn-attir'd,—proclaim on earth,
'Whatever holy is and pure;
'Whatever true,—whatever sure;
'Without the presence and the aid of thee,
'All-assuring, all-enduring, gentle, humble
Charity,
Without thee,—without thee!
All,—all on earth
Is 'nothing worth!'
Pomp, be sadden'd; grandeur, blush;
To the Widow's rescue, rush."

Then follow some lines written in Miss Denman's album, an Ode to Earl Fitzwilliam, a Sonnet addressed to Lord Brougham, and the following lines On Hearing of the Death of Tom Moore:—

"Oh! let one touch of his harp awaken
Our fond regard for the child of song!
May it thrill,—till the high resolve be taken
To crown him our deathless bards among.

In our holiest fanes, there is but one corner
Fit shrine to deposit his honour'd remains;
Not sav'd for the sinless;—but due, tell the scorner,
To genius, whose brightness extinguish'd its stains!"

If his lyrical numbers' melodious spell
Still binds Beauty and Love in its magical chain;
Wit and Lore were made vocal in Poesy's shell,
And Lansdowne and Russell applauded the strain."

It is far, very far, from our wish to cast discouragement on any genuine scheme of charity, and if the writings of this forensic knight would elicit the same competition among publishers as those of a Bulwer or a Barnum, commanding a value on account of their genius and refinement or their curiosity and impudence, then we might applaud the deed. We have noticed with pleasure a donation of 30*l.* to the Patriotic Fund, resulting from the publication of a piece of music. But what good, we would ask, can follow from the publication of 'poetry' like the above. Is it likely there will be a sale for such twaddle, sufficient to pay the expenses of printing and paper, to say nothing of the publisher's commission? It is time that literature should be relieved from such trifling. The widow asks for bread, and she is given a stone. The almoner says, "The labour of a compilation (from my portfolio) such as I design, will be that of selection only, and the effort to amuse and interest, so far as I am able, in a variety and miscellany of subjects, all it will cost me." How much better would be the application of some less hypothetical means of relief at a little more personal cost. The poet's connexion with the bar might surely avail him to secure some more substantial means of relief for the widow of a Chief Justice, when his List of Subscribers (at 3*s.* each) includes a Cabinet Minister, two Vice-Chancellors, four Judges, the Attorney and Solicitor-Generals, eight Serjeants, and a batch of Queen's Counsels, with Benchers and Solicitors to follow. We entreat of him to withdraw the book, and to raise a subscription among his legal friends, in money, for the retired Chief Justice's widow.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

The Universal Exhibition at Paris will decidedly open on the 1st of May, as originally intended; the official *Monteur* has recently made an official intimation to that effect. We hear, however, that the articles to be exhibited arrive very slowly indeed; in fact, scarcely any have thus far been received, and yet the 15th of this month was originally fixed as the last day for receptions. The country which takes the greatest interest in the Exhibition appears to be Prussia; the number of her exhibitors is between two and three times greater than it was at London, and she demanded far more space than could possibly be granted. Her contribution to the department of the fine arts will, it is expected, be

peculiarly brilliant, and will certainly astonish, and perhaps mortify the bulk of the French spectators, —for it is the fashion in France to consider that modern art flourishes in Paris alone. Cornelius is to have a saloon entirely to himself, and almost all his most remarkable works are to be exhibited; upwards of fifty paintings by members of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts of Berlin are also to be sent. The palace in which the Exhibition is to be held, in the *Champs Elysées*, is nearly terminated. It is a vast edifice, 840 feet long by 362 feet wide; and is built of stone, with a glass roof. In architectural effect it is not remarkable, and in the interior it is nothing like so imposing as was the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park. Its principal entrance is a sort of monumental gateway, with four columns of the Corinthian order, and an attic, in which there is a basso relievo, representing Agriculture, Manufactures, and Arts, with a bust of the Emperor in the centre. Above is a large statue of France, with extended arms, distributing crowns to the deserving. The building is in two stories, and is pierced with a great number of windows. Round the whole of it runs a frieze, in which are cut the names of all the men of all countries and all ages who have signalled themselves in science and manufactures. The arrangement of these names is open to criticism, as it is neither chronological, national, nor alphabetical. In the interior of the building is a vast gallery. The ground floor is divided into three naves; the centre one is called the transept, and is 640 feet long by 60 feet wide; its height is 100 feet. The total surface of the ground floor and the gallery is 45,000 French square metres. This space not being sufficient, an annex, in the shape of an immense gallery, nearly a mile long, has been constructed. It affords upwards of 38,000 metres. The total space in round figures is consequently about 84,000 metres: out of this 37,000 metres are to be reserved for France—19,000 in the principal building; and England is to have 15,000, of which 8500 are in the principal palace. The annex is principally to be devoted to machines and raw material. Another annex is also in course of construction for the exhibition of fine arts. It is to be regretted that the French government, having determined on building a permanent palace to serve for the ensuing and future exhibitions, did not cause it to be formed exclusively of glass and iron, like the palace at Sydenham. "Crystal Palaces" are the great architectural novelty of our time, and Paris should possess one.

The volume of Illustrations of Byron's *Childe Harold*, prepared for the subscribers to the Art Union of London for 1855, is published; and it comes up to the expectations we had formed of the work. There are thirty engravings, to which the names of the first artists and engravers of the day are affixed. Very various are the styles, as may be expected in pictures by Gilbert, T. Faed, Ansdell, Selous, Hulme, Tenniel, and others, whose peculiar characteristics are well known. Of T. Faed's two pictures, the first is admirably expressive, and that of Egeria is also marked by poetical genius. Hulme's pictures of Newstead, and of the Rhine Castle, the Venetian Scenes, by Price and by Holland, and Ansdell's pictures of animals, are conspicuously good. We refrain from naming some of the thirty, which are as conspicuously bad. Mr. Murray announces for publication a quarto edition of the poem, to which the Art Union pictures will serve as illustrations. The print of the Art Union this year is: by J. T. Willmore, A.R.A., after the picture, by J. T. Chalon, R.A., 'A Water Party.' The subscription closes on the 31st of this month.

The sale of the Bernal Collection has been chiefly remarkable during the past week for the competition excited between three British millionaires, Mr. Hope, Baron Rothschild, and the Marquis of Hertford, for the possession of two pairs of vases of Sevres porcelain, of which the manufacture is comparatively lost. The first pair, *rose du Barri*, each painted with two groups of cupids, in medallions, the curved leaf-shaped lips forming handles, on ornolu plinths, chased with friezes of figures—height, including plinths, four-

teen-and-a-half inches, was sold for the extraordinary sum of 1850 guineas; and the second, of elegant form, turquoise, painted with oval medallions of a shepherdess with a sheep and a dog, and a girl bathing her feet, bouquets of flowers on the reverse, scroll and leaf handles, and mounted on pedestals of ornolu—height, including plinths, eighteen inches, for 1350 guineas. The pictures this week have also fetched extraordinary prices, compared with the sums at which most of them were bought by Mr. Bernal.

Picture sales are frequent in Paris; good prices are generally obtained. The sale of the gallery of M. Baroilhet took place a few days ago, and excited much interest. A small picture by Horace Vernet, called *Embascade et Trahison*, went at 156*l.*; a full-length portrait by Watteau, 109*l.*; a *Psyche*, by Prudhon, 113*l.*; a *Visit to the Sepulchre*, by the same, 112*l.*; an *Interior of the Church of St. Lawrence, near Rome*, by the late Leopold Robert, 140*l.*; a *Young Girl with a Rabbit*, by Tassaert, 80*l.*; *Environs of Quillebeuf*, by Bonington, 60*l.*; *Farm Horses*, by Delacroix, 41*l.*; a *Landscape of the Rousseau*, 122*l.*; and a *View of Venice*, by Zeim, 57*l.*

Edmund Burke's celebrated philippic against the conduct of the British government in India, as contrasted with the former rulers of that empire, is now happily without point and truth. "England," he said, "has erected no churches, no hospitals, no palaces, no schools; England has built no bridges, made no high-roads, cut no navigations, dug out no reservoirs. Every other conqueror of every other description has left some monument, either of state or beneficence, behind him. Were we to be driven out of India this day, nothing would remain to tell that it had been possessed during the inglorious period of our dominion by anything better than the orang-outang or the tiger." This was said in his speech on Mr. Fox's East India Bill, in December, 1783. Much, no doubt, yet remains to be done, both for developing the resources of the country and improving the condition of its people; but the disgrace of having attempted nothing, and of having done nothing, has long since been removed. We can point with pride to churches and schools, canals and roads, magnificent monuments both of state and of beneficence, which India owes to her British rulers. The works most honourable to the government, and most beneficial to the people, are those which do not surprise by their splendour, nor astonish by their costliness. General security of life and property, freedom from oppression and wrong, certainty and cheapness of justice, the benefits of education and the blessings of religion—these the natives of India are receiving from their rulers. Every year sees new works undertaken and fresh benefits conferred. To the late achievements of national progress is to be added the completion of electro-telegraphic communication throughout that vast empire. The lines are already finished that connect all the great capitals. European intelligence, received at Bombay by the steamer from Europe, is in circulation at Madras, Calcutta, Agra, and Lahore within two or three hours. Within the year 1854 nearly 3000 miles of telegraphic wires were established. The cost has been about 42*l.* a mile, and the tariff of prices has been fixed at a lower rate than on any European or even on any American line. To Peshawur, at the mouth of the Khyber pass, the remotest post of the empire on the north-west frontier, which has only been subject to British rule since 1848, a message can now be sent from Calcutta for eight shillings. To Rangoon and Prome, the latest acquisitions on the eastern boundaries, a line is in progress, and when this is completed, every province of the empire will be within reach of speedy communication with the seat of the central government. It is to one of the company's officers, Dr. O'Shaughnessy, that the honour is due of having planned and executed this great work, one of the most practical benefits ever contributed by science and art to the public service, and to the interests of civilization and of good government.

We mentioned last week that a Paris paper had announced the discovery, by M. Egger, of the Institute, in an Egyptian mummy, recently brought

to Paris, of a papyrus containing an unpublished fragment of a tragedy of Euripides. We now learn, however, that M. Egger does not take on himself to assert that the fragment really is by the great Greek. All that he can vouch for is, that it is part of a tragic chorus, and that it appears to have been extracted from a piece written in Euripides' time; but as it contains no name of the author, no mention of the work from which it is copied, and is, besides, greatly injured by time, he thinks it would be rash to ascribe it to him. It is in three columns, and is finely written. The lines are about one hundred in number, the text is the Dorian dialect, and contains signs of accentuation, a thing heretofore, says M. Egger, unexampled in papyrus. In the margin are some comments written in a finer hand than the text, and of a more recent date than it.

In the last sitting of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, M. Geoffroy Saint Hilaire presented another egg of what is called "the gigantic bird of Madagascar," the species of which is now supposed to be extinct, but of which bones and eggs are being constantly found by the natives of that island. This egg is considerably larger than those of the same bird already existing in the Museum of the Jardin des Plantes, and of which models have been sent to all the principal Museums of Natural History in Europe. Its form is ellipsoid, its largest circumference is in French measure 0.925 metre (the metre is about three feet and three-and-a-half inches), and it contains about eleven-and-a-half quarts. The largest egg previously known of this bird—one of those in the Museum at Paris—contains eight-and-three-quarter quarts; and it is six times bigger than an ostrich's egg, one hundred and forty-eight times bigger than a hen's egg, and fifty thousand times bigger than the egg of the humming bird.

It is stated in the 'Publishers' Circular' that the sum of 1000*l.*, offered by the proprietors of the 'Times' for the discovery of a new material for making paper, is likely to be claimed for a Mr. Watts, who has produced an admirable article from wood shavings and bran, and obtained a patent for it.

The students of University College gave a soirée in the library of the College in Gower-street, on Tuesday evening, the object being to bring together the members of the various colleges affiliated to the London University. Lord Brougham was present, and many distinguished men of literature and science. The Professors of University College, and of the Independent New College, Stepeny Baptist College, and other affiliated institutions, mustered strong. Some of the Professors of King's College attended, but the Principal and the Divinity Professor were not present. During the evening there was a concert, in which Herr Ernst, Mr. Benedict, Mr. Chatterton, Mr. Weiss, and other eminent artists, gave their valuable services gratuitously. The evening passed off well, the arrangements being admirable, as the idea of the reunion was honourable to the students of University College.

The pillar letter receiving boxes have been this week fixed at various places in the City and West End. We would suggest that a police officer should be stationed within sight of each of these pillars, both for protection and as a central place in the locality, the difficulty of finding a policeman when he is wanted being almost proverbial.

The Colosseum and the Cyclorama in the Regent's Park were put up to auction at the Mart by Messrs. Winstanley, by order of the Master of the Rolls, the property having been placed in Chancery by the owner, the late Mr. Turner, on behalf of his ward, Mr. J. T. Burton Philipson. It was stated by the auctioneer that the building was erected at a cost of 23,000*l.*, by Mr. Decimus Burton, and 200,000*l.* had since been expended on it by successive proprietors. The bidding not commencing above 20,000*l.*, the auctioneer withdrew the sale, as being below a reserve price in his sealed instructions from the Master of Chancery.

M. Regnier, formerly private tutor to King Louis Philippe's grandson, the Comte de Paris, has

been elected a member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres of Paris, in the room of M. Langlois deceased.

Rafael Fürstenthal, a renowned Hebrew scholar, has just died at Breslau, aged 74. He wrote, amongst other things, a poem in modern Hebrew, called 'Zionide.'

M. Brossette, a French *savant*, resident in Russia for many years, has been elected secretary of the Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg, in the room of the late M. Fuss.

The Rev. Henry Melville, chaplain of the Tower, has been desired by the House of Commons to preach before them in St. Margaret's, Westminster, on Wednesday, the national Fast day.

The Academy of Sciences of Paris, in its sitting of Monday last, elected M. Delaunay a member in the section of Astronomy, in the room of the late M. Mauvais.

The first of the concerts of the Philharmonic Society for the season, was given on Tuesday evening, at Hanover-square Rooms, under the conductorship of Herr Richard Wagner. We have already expressed our regret that, on the retirement of Mr. Costa, it was thought necessary to have recourse to foreign aid to fill the post. Original genius and fame as a composer are not requisites for a conductor, but sound taste and ready tact are essential, and these might have been found nearer home. The subscribers to the Philharmonic are above the common prejudices in favour of what is merely foreign as opposed to native talent. Music is of no nation, and an Englishman may conduct well the works of any master, though we have heard foolish remarks about Italians being incapable of leading German music. In Herr Wagner's first appearance, allowance has to be made for the orchestra being unaccustomed to his style, but he showed less peculiarity than might have been expected, while the selection of music, if due to him, was not such as a fanciful innovator (as he is regarded) would have presented. Beethoven's *Eroica* Symphony, Haydn's *Symphony No. 7*, and Mendelssohn's *Isles of Fingal*, were finely given.

Mr. Charles Salaman gave a most interesting lecture on ancient keyed-stringed instruments, at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Thursday evening. The history of these instruments, from the early dulcimers and clavichords to virginals, spinets, and harpsichords, was learnedly described, the lecturer giving characteristic musical illustrations of each period. Handel's own harpsichord, made by Andreas Ruckers in 1651, was lent for the occasion by the Messrs. Broadwood, to whom the precious relic belongs. Mr. Salaman played on it 'The Harmonious Blacksmith,' with variations, from Handel's first published edition. Pieces of Byrde, Bull, Orlando Gibbons, Sebastian Bach, Domenico Paradisi, and other masters, were admirably performed. In a second lecture, on Tuesday the 27th, Mr. Salaman is to treat of the invention and development of the pianoforte, when we can promise to all who attend a most instructive as well as agreeable entertainment.

The great musical "event" in Paris is the appearance of Crivelli as *Rachel*, in *La Juive*, at the Grand Opera mentioned in our last; her success was, as we said, strikingly great, but it was diminished in the estimation of connoisseurs by the extreme vehemence, not to say violence, with which she sang and acted. Since then she has considerably modified her style, and her general execution of the part is now considered satisfactory—in some *morceaux* she is even truly excellent. Gueymard appears in the same opera with credit. A one-act trifle, called the *Charmeurs*, by M. Poise, has been received with favour at the Théâtre Lyrique. Concerts are now the order of the day at Paris; some very good ones have been given—and more, still better, are in preparation. The best given thus far are those of the Société des Concerts and the Société Sainte Cecile.

Lisbon is now putting forth pretensions to be a musical capital, and eminent musicians do not disdain to visit it. Wehle, the brilliant German

pianist, has just been giving a series of concerts there.

The *Gazette Musicale* of Paris announces that Meyerbeer has written two new airs for the *Etoile du Nord*, which is to be brought out at Covent Garden.

At the Lyceum a one-act piece, *The Cozy Couple*, is full of character, and is acted by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matthews and Mr. Charles Mathews in their happiest style. Tom Russell, an unsettled elderly bachelor, visits his old friend, Mr. Dormouse, living in a quiet village. Finding the place dismally dull, and his friend's wife rather rustic in manner as well as by birth, he persuades Dormouse to take a two years' trip with him to the Continent. The scheme, however, makes such an upset in the house, and produces such distress in worthy Mrs. Dormouse, that Russell earnestly urges his friend to give up the idea; and while so doing, he himself begins to perceive the advantages and comforts of a quiet life, and settles down at home with the cozy couple. A more complete and pleasant little piece has not been lately produced.

There have been several new plays this week at the London theatres. At the Adelphi a light and amusing piece, after the French, under the title of *I'll tell your Wife*, produces some merriment, though absurdly improbable in its details. At the Haymarket there is a two-act comedy, adapted by Mr. Sterling Coyne, also from a foreign story, *The Secret Agent*. A prince, whose affairs are grossly mismanaged by his ministers, is apprized of the real state of matters by a good cousin, whose information he resolves to make use of, and at the same time to shield her from being suspected, by pretending that a secret agent is the informant. The principal fun of the piece is at a masquerade in the second act, where the two chief culprits, ministers of state, go in disguises, and each takes the other for the secret agent. It is very droll to see Mr. Buckstone jumping about in petticoats, but this is a poor substitute for legitimate comedy, which is rarely attempted with success by writers of the present day. At the Princess's a translation from a French piece, under the title of *A Game at Romps*, is chiefly remarkable for its scenic effects, the costumes of the period of Louis XV. being shown to good advantage on the fair actresses. The performance of Mr. Harley as *Dr. Rhododendron*, the grave tutor, with a vein of true humour, is very good. The Spanish dancers at the Haymarket continue to prove attractive. The Gallician dance by Perea, Nena and Marco Diaz, is a thoroughly national performance, full of character, and done with much spirit and humour.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Feb. 28th.—The Right Hon. Earl Granville, V.P., in the chair. The paper read was 'On the Iron Industry of the United States,' by Professor Wilson, F.R.S.E. The author commenced by giving a brief sketch of the past history of the iron industry of the States, which contained the usual fluctuations attendant upon the establishment of a new industry, with periods of prosperity and of adversity, induced by fiscal as well as commercial agencies. The iron making resources of the States were very great—the distribution of ores, many of the richest description, was general throughout the Atlantic and Western States, while the enormous area occupied by the coal measures testified to the abundance of fuel for the development of industrial occupations. The make of iron is at present about 700,000 tons, about one half of which was consumed for castings, and the remaining portion was converted into wrought iron, at a loss in waste, &c. of about one-third. As the present annual consumption amounted to 1,200,000 tons, or nearly 88lb. per head of the population, there was a deficiency of 500,000 tons to be supplied by other countries. This large importation was obtained entirely from this country, and formed a very important item in the commercial intercourse of the two nations. In fact our export of iron to the States was one-third more than our export to all other countries. The difference in price between the two markets might be taken at 80 per cent.

This included all charges for freight, commission, insurance, &c., about 50 per cent., and the ad valorem import duty of 30 per cent. In round numbers, pig iron selling at Liverpool at 45s. to 50s. would cost 20s. at New York. Everywhere in the States the charcoal forge was giving way to the superior advantages of the hot blast anthracite furnace, economy of production being the main object now sought to be obtained. The use of the waste gases of the furnace was now becoming universal, and attempts were being made also to utilize another waste, and at the same time cumbersome product, the slag or cinder, by a process of annealing. Some specimens produced at the Down-lais furnaces by the same process were exhibited. The last point to which attention was drawn was that of making wrought iron *direct* from the ore. The process referred to was patented in 1851, and was in operation at Cincinnati, and at Newark, New Jersey, and another on the same principle, by General Harvey, was carried on at Mothaven, New York. In both the conversion is effected by mixing the ores with from 20 to 25 per cent. of fuel. The ore and fuel are reduced to a coarse powder and intimately mixed. They are then led into a series of hoppers or mufflers, around which the flames and gases from a furnace play. By these means the fuel is ignited, and burns at the expense of the oxygen of the ore, and metallic iron is left mixed with the foreign substances usually accompanying such minerals. This reduced ore then descends down a shoot to a furnace suitably arranged, and is subjected to a temperature sufficient to bring the iron to a pasty condition, when it is worked together in a puddling furnace, and drawn out in balls of the required size for tilting. Renton's process would, it was stated, shortly be in operation at the Plynvi Valley Works, South Wales. A discussion followed the reading of the paper, in which Messrs. T. M. Gladstone, Macgregor, W. Bird, Dr. Percy, C. May, R. F. Davis, W. Bevan, Campbell, Professor Wilson, and the noble chairman took part.

ANTIQUARIES.—Feb. 15th.—Admiral Smyth, Vice-President, in the chair. The Rev. T. Hugo exhibited a bronze celt, found in Fermanagh. Mr. A. W. Franks exhibited a very beautiful specimen of Majolica ware, most elaborately ornamented, with a medallion in the centre, on which is a shield charged with the arms of Guicciardini and Salviati. Mr. Franks had not been able to trace more than one alliance between these two families when Guicciardini, the celebrated historian of Italy, married a member of the house of Salviati. This plate was probably made at Pesaro, a town long famous for the manufacture of such ware, and may have been presented to the historian's wife on her marriage. Mr. Major read an account of the supposed site of the submerged city of Nineta.

Feb. 22nd.—The Viscount Mahon, 'President, in the chair. Mr. Richard N. Phillips was elected Fellow. Mr. W. M. Wylie communicated a memoir on the graves of the Alemanni found at Stuttgart, in the year 1846. A portion of this paper was read, the conclusion being reserved for the next meeting.

March 1st.—John Payne Collier, Esq., Vice-President, in the chair. Mr. L. H. I. Tonna was elected a Fellow. The Rev. Thomas Hugo exhibited a small bronze celt of peculiar form, obtained from a collection in Ireland. Mr. O. Morgan exhibited a German manuscript of the sixteenth century, containing a number of very curious drawings, displaying the costume of various ranks, and many heraldic devices. The book professes to be a chronicle of Strasburg, from the flood to the date when it was written. Mr. Morgan also exhibited a drum-shaped table-clock made at Nuremberg, and resembling in some respects the very curious Bohemian clock in the Society's collection, of which an account by Admiral Smyth is given in a recent volume of the 'Archæologia.' The reading of Mr. Wylie's account of 'The Graves of the Alemanni

at Oberflacht, in Swabia,' was then concluded. These Teutonic remains were accidentally discovered by Captain von Dürich, of Würtemberg, during a topographical survey. The relics are deposited in the Stuttgart Museum of Antiquities, and have been assumed to belong to an Alemannic tribe still adhering to heathenism, during the Carolingian period. Some peculiar property of the soil had very remarkably preserved the coffins and their contents. The coffins were found to be the stems of oaks or wild pear-trees, which had been cleft by means of wedges, and excavated to receive the bodies. On the lids the forms of two snakes had been carved, possibly in connexion with the superstitious veneration the natives of the north entertained for these reptiles. Mr. Wylie exhibited a series of drawings from Captain von Dürich's original sketches illustrative of his subject, and entered into a comparison of these Teuton remains with those found in other European countries. Among the arms found in the coffins were some well-preserved bows of yew (*taxus baccata*). A variety of ornaments and utensils were also found, containing the funeral meats of heathen rites. The greater part of these vessels were of wood, and turned. Several wooden forms of feet were met with in the coffins, and two of them were elaborately carved. These forms have been assumed to be the *todtenschack* of the old Scandinavian mythology. Mr. Wylie, however, considers such a supposition exceedingly improbable, as he endeavoured to show by quotations from the sagas, &c. In his opinion these wooden forms rather illustrate a very obscure passage in the 'Indien-Paganianum et Superstitium,' whence it appears they appertained to some idolatrous practice of Teutonic heathenism. Mr. Wylie considers the mode of interment, in the stems of trees, was originally very common, and stands in strong relation with the Scandinavian custom of interring in boats and ships. The term *naufus*, meaning coffin, found in the old Salic laws, had its origin in the old Frankish word *nav*, giving the idea of a boat. This word may be compared with the old Gothic *naus*, a corpse, and is derived from the Sanscrit root *nav*, a boat or ship. This when inflected becomes *nav-a*, or *nav-u*, and sometimes *nav-r*, and is probably also the root of the equivalent Greek and Latin nouns. Archæology, therefore, here involves a very interesting philological question.

ASIATIC.—Feb. 17th.—Sir Geo. T. Staunton, Bart., in the chair. The Secretary read a letter recently dispatched to Professor Wilson by R. H. Hodgson, Esq., from his residence among the Tartar populations of the Himalaya mountains. This letter is intended as a brief statement of what the learned philologist is doing in the Tartar languages, an investigation in relation to which he had published some essays in the 'Bengal Journal' of January and February, 1853. The writer has obtained thirty new vocabularies from Tibet, Horsok, and Sifan; and by their aid he has completed a comparative analysis of all the languages of this class, reaching nearly over the whole globe, in which he finds a perfect uniformity of the laws regulating the composition of words and their arrangement, extending over the whole class. The paper read did not enter into details, or give examples of the comparisons made, which would, in their most compressed form, have occupied many pages; but stated briefly some of the results arrived at, leaving the data for further communication at full length. The following are some of its results:—The old dogma which Horne Tooke fancied he had discovered, that all the numerous words which we generally call particles, such as prepositions and conjunctions, and the syllables and letters which modify root words in the way of derivation, conjugation, and declension, were originally vital words, having definite meanings, is perfectly true of the Tartar tongues, and the fact is found in them in every stage of development. The distinction between monosyllabic and polysyllabic languages is without foundation, polysyllables being merely iterations and

accretions of monosyllables; and the languages do, in fact, graduate into each other. The researches of Mr. Hodgson demonstrate the affinity of the Sifan, Horsok, Tibetan, Indo-Chinese, Himalayan, and Tamulian tongues, by identity of roots, identity of compounds, and, above all, by the absolute uniformity of the laws regulating them. All the Tartar tongues, from America eastward, through the Old World to Oceania, constitute one great family. All the Tamulian languages, and those of the aboriginal tribes of India, are of one class, and that class is Tartar. All derive their vocables from the Northern tongues, either directly, or *via* Indo-China; and the routes, or relative lines of passage, are plainly traceable. A great many Arian vocables, even in Sanscrit, are Tartar, as well in their composite and ordinary state as in their roots. Mr. Hodgson is finally of opinion that the Tartar tongues, taken all together as a great unity, throw a brilliant light on the state of language in general, as it existed prior to the great triple division into Semitic, Iranian, and Turanian languages. Some portions of an enumeration, by John Muir, Esq., of papers containing contributions to Sanscrit literature, published on the Continent and in India, were also read.

ENTOMOLOGICAL.—Feb. 5th.—J. Curtis, Esq., F.L.S., President, in the chair. Several donations were announced, among them a specimen of the silken fabric made by the caterpillars of *Saturnia spini*, accompanied by figures of the insect in its different stages of growth, presented by Herr Pretsch of Vienna. The President returned thanks for his election, and delivered an inaugural address, which was ordered to be printed in the 'Proceedings.' The President nominated as Vice-Presidents, J. O. Westwood, Esq., E. Newman, Esq., and H. T. Stainton, Esq. Brigadier Hearsey exhibited four cases of insects just received in fine condition from Sylhet, comprising many rarities and some novelties. Mr. Stevens exhibited three specimens of the rare beetle *Cheironomus Mackeyi* from India. Mr. Stainton exhibited a bunch of the galls formed by *Cynips quercus-petiolis*, gathered from an oak near Exeter, and read an extract from a letter of the correspondent who forwarded them, confirming Mr. Stainton's former statement, that these galls were especially abundant in Devonshire last year, and giving some interesting particulars respecting them and the manner of their growth. Mr. Westwood read from the 'Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal,' an account of the method used in India for preparing and drawing out the threads of silk from the cocoons of the *Bombyx cynthia*, the insect recently introduced with so much promise of success into Malta and Italy. Mr. Newman read a note, founded on a communication by an eye-witness of the fact, stating that the bed-bug was a favourite food of the cockroach. The President read an extract from a letter of Dr. Fitch, stating that the *Coccus arborum-linearis* was committing appalling havoc in the orchards of Illinois and Wisconsin, and that the history of this insect would be included in the Report he was now preparing on the insectinjurious to fruit trees, for the Agricultural Society of the State of New York, pursuant to an order of the state legislature. The President read an extract from a letter addressed to him by M. Caudéze of Liege, requesting the assistance of English entomologists in the monograph of *Elaterida* on which he was engaged. Mr. Douglas read a note on *Psyche helicinaella*, the larvae of which form singular helical cases, from which, until recently, no one had reared anything but wingless females, but a winged male had at length been reared by M. Nylander in France. Mr. Westwood read a memoir on *Lucanida*, descriptive of many new species, of which figures were added. A new part of 'Transactions' was on the table.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—March 5th.—General Monthly Meeting.—Frederick Pollock, Esq., M.A.,

Vice-President, in the chair. J. Richard Andrew, John Baily, Esq., Q.C.; Charles Beevor, Esq., F.R.C.S.; Henry Bradbury, Esq.; Henry Newham Davis, Esq.; John Dickinson, Esq., F.R.S. and G.S.; John Viret Gooch, Esq., F.S.A.; Rev. George Dalgarno Hill, M.A.; Edward James, Esq., Q.C.; Robert Lee, M.D., F.R.S.; Walter M'Grigor, Esq.; Leopold Redpath, Esq.; were duly elected Members. G. J. Lyons, E. Macrory, and J. W. Wrey, Esqs., were admitted Members. Thanks were voted to Professor Owen, Edward Jekyll, Esq.; J. Dickinson, Esq.; and Dr. J. Stenhouse, for their discourses on the evenings of February 9, 16, 23, and March 2. The presents received since the last meeting were laid before the Members. The Secretary reported that the following arrangements had been made for the lectures after Easter:—Eight lectures 'On Voltaic Electricity,' by Professor Tyndall. Eight lectures 'On Christian Art,' by G. Scharf, Jun., Esq. Eight lectures 'On Electro-Physiology,' by Dr. Du Bois Reymond.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Monday.**—Statistical, 8 p.m.—(Discussion on the Losses raised by Mr. Pitt during the First French War, 1793-1801, with some Statements in Defence of the Methods of Funding employed.)
—British Architects, 8 p.m.
—Chemical, 8 p.m.
—Royal Academy, 8 p.m.—(Sir R. Westmacott's Sculpture.)
Tuesday.—Linnean, 8 p.m.
—Civil Engineers, 8 p.m.—(On the Application of the Screw Propeller to the larger class of Sailing Vessels. By Mr. R. A. Robinson.)
—Pathological, 8 p.m.
—Royal Institution, 3 p.m.—(Professor Tyndall's Electricity.)
Wednesday.—General Fast.
Thursday.—Royal, 8 p.m.
—Antiquaries, 8 p.m.
—Numismatic, 7 p.m.
—Royal Institution, 3 p.m.—(Mr. W. B. Dowse on English Literature.)
Friday.—Philological, 8 p.m.
—Royal Institution, 8 p.m.—(Rev. J. E. Ashby on (so called) Catalytic Action and Combustion, and Theories of Catalysis.)
Saturday.—Medical, 8 p.m.
—Botanic, 4 p.m.
—Royal Institution, 3 p.m.—(Dr. Gladstone on the Principles of Chemistry.)

VARIETIES.

The Morning Chronicle.—We continue a few extracts from the amusing correspondence of our New York friend on English Newspapers, quoted in the 'Circular' of the 15th ult. We cannot vouch for their accuracy, but they appear sufficiently truthful to be interesting to many who are obliged to look abroad to gather their home facts. "The 'Morning Chronicle,'" the writer says, "is the second oldest of the daily papers, having been established in 1769; its first editor was Woodfall, the bold printer of the 'Letters of Junius,' the first man to give correct reports of the Debates in Parliament. Mr. James Perry, an intelligent and industrious Scotchman, afterwards purchased the paper, and became its sole editor, and conducted it so ably that Pitt and Lord Shelburne offered to bring him into Parliament. Perry, with chivalrous notions respecting his position, held himself personally accountable for every line in his paper, although inserted without his previous knowledge. In his time the 'Chronicle' had immense influence, but the sale at the highest was not 5000. After Mr. Perry's death the paper was sold to Mr. Clement for 40,000l.; the late sub-editor, Mr. Black, continuing as editor. In 1834 Sir John Easthope bought the 'Chronicle' at a fourth of what Clement had paid for it: Lord Durham and Mr. Ellice were said to have joined in the purchase. In 1834, when the 'Times' verged to the Tory side, the 'Chronicle' took its place as organ of the Liberal party, and reached a sale of 10,000, but the 'Times' gradually resumed its leadership. Easthope got his baronetcy for his partisanship, and his son-in-law, Andrew Doyle, was made Inspector under the Poor Law Board,

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with a salary of 1000*l.* a year. The paper was afterwards sold to the 'Young England' party, which then included Mr. Gladstone. For the last five years the 'Chronicle' has been Puseyite in theology, and has taken no very decided course in politics. One of the rich Hopes has written for it largely and dully, and the editor, Mr. Cooke, has had a difficult task to make his paper readable. Its foreign correspondence is extremely good, and is its present redeeming feature. The last intelligence was that Mr. Peto, the rich contractor, had paid 4000*l.* for the copyright and plant, with a view of making it the organ of the Dissenting interest, with which he is connected, but that he had been induced to dispose of his bargain, and that it would become an organ for Cardinal Wiseman and the Roman Catholic body. It is added that Mr. Serjeant Glover is now the manager of the paper.—So winds up a journal in which Fox, Sheridan, and Burke have written; in which Byron gave to the world some of his political poems; Moore's cleverest squibs found their way into print; in which Campbell attempted to write politics, and in which Dickens made his debut as 'Boz.'—*Publishers' Circular.*

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Two in Classics..... 150
Two in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy..... 150
Two in Logic and Moral and Intellectual Philosophy..... 50
One in Chemistry..... 40
One in the French Language..... 40
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Two in the Hebrew Text of the Old Testament, the Greek Text of the New Testament, and Scripture History..... 50
Medicine.
One in the Practice of Medicine..... 150
One in Surgery..... 150
One in Anatomy and Physiology..... 150
One in Physiology and Comparative Anatomy..... 100
One in Midwifery and the Diseases of Women and Infants..... 100
One in Materia Medica and Pharmacy..... 100
The present Examiners are eligible, and intend to offer themselves for re-election.
Candidates must announce their names to the Registrar on or before the 11th of April.
By order of the Senate,
Marlborough House, R. W. ROTHMAN, Registrar.
March 15th, 1855.

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